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SOME
VICTORIAN PORTRAITS
AND OTHERS

by

HILDA MARTINDALE C.B.E.

(Formerly of the Home Office and H.M. Treasury)



"O God our Father we thank Thee for all those
who have walked in Thy light and in whose
lives we have seen the reflection of Thy very self.
May we profit by their example and live in the
same power."

Biography Index Reprint Series



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Biographical Sketch

IN THESE PEN-PORTRAITS of some of the friends who have been beacon lights in the author's life, Hilda Martindale has given us wonderful pictures of great achievement and fine lives. She has not attempted to write an autobiography but her reactions to their personalities and her assessment of their influence on others runs through her narrative and gives us a picture though in the background of what her own life must have been.

She tells us something of her early childhood, spent partly abroad and partly in Sussex, after which she went to the Royal Holloway College and to courses at Bedford College, London. Her mother had always envisaged her undertaking professional social work, so she encouraged her to acquire practical experience. By means of foreign travel and a tour round the world she helped her to widen her knowledge with regard to people in all walks of life and to gain information on the care of the homeless child, a question which particularly interested her. It was not surprising, therefore, that a lecture on this subject given by her on her return in 1901 led to her being brought to the notice of the Principal Lady Inspector of Factories and hence to her appointment as a Home Office Inspector. Thus began work which was to continue for over thirty years.

After a period spent in the Potteries and in many other industrial parts of England she was sent to Ireland. She arrived on St. Patrick's Day, 1905, and remained for seven exciting years. She visited not only factories and laundries (including many attached to Religious and Charitable Institutions) but also small workplaces and workers' homes in the remote cabins of the countryside. Illegality was widespread, obstruction of inspectors in the discharge of their duties not uncommon, but the work was vital and brought her into touch with many interesting people. Sir Horace Plunkett, George Russell (Æ.), Canon Hannay (George Birmingham) and Father T. A. Finlay were among those who supported her.

She returned to England in 1912 to take up work in the Midlands at the head of a staff of women inspectors, many of whom were sent to her for training. The war brought many changes in industry and her

knowledge of the various trades in her wide area proved useful when advising on the substitution of women for men in the factories. She served too on a Committee appointed by the Central Liquor Control Board to enquire into the supply of intoxicating drink to girls under 18 years of age and paid many visits in the course of the enquiry. In 1918 she left the Midlands for a similar post in London, acting also as Deputy to the Principal Lady Inspector, Dame Adelaide Anderson. In 1921, on the amalgamation of the men's and women's sides of the Factory Inspectorate into a single organization, she was made Superintending Inspector for the Southern Division with a staff of men and women. Her promotion to the post of Deputy Chief Inspector followed in 1925.

The Chief Inspector, Sir Gerald Bellhouse, gave ample scope to his deputies and Hilda Martindale was given, amongst other duties, responsibility for the Home Office Industrial Museum opened in 1927. She represented Great Britain at a conference of Directors of Industrial Safety Museums in Berlin in 1929—being the only woman delegate—and served as technical adviser at various sessions of the International Labour Conference at Geneva.

On May 1, 1933, she left the Home Office for the Treasury, having been made Director of Women Establishments. Her new work gave her a concern for some 77,000 women Civil Servants, so she set herself to examine conditions of work and training and became known to many to whom the Director of Women Establishments was a mere name. Service on Selection Boards showed her that too few women were entering for the higher posts, so she started a recruiting campaign to make these opportunities known at the Universities. After her retirement she had the satisfaction of seeing an increasing number of women candidates gaining high places in the examinations and sharing with men the common work of administration.

Hilda Martindale was always a believer in the ability and work of women and spent much of her life fighting their battles. In 1934 she (with the other woman member of the Interdepartmental Committee on the Admission of Women to the Diplomatic and Consular Service) signed a Minority Report in favour of admitting women to both Services. In 1946 she saw her position vindicated and the doors thrown open. Created a C.B.E. in 1935, on her retirement in 1937 she was

entertained by over 600 colleagues and friends at a reception at Lancaster House (Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Kent honouring her by being present). Since then her main energies have been concentrated in two directions. In 1938 she was invited to become the first woman on the Council of Dr. Barnardo's Homes—thus renewing her early contacts—and has helped to bring about many recent developments, especially in staff training. Her other chief interest is the Friendly Almshouses, founded in 1802 as The Friendly Female Society and supported by her great-grandmother. These Almshouses, of which she is Chairman, were recently rebuilt after destruction by bombing. Her profits from the sale of this book will be devoted to the Rebuilding Fund.

L. M. AND H. C. E.

Whom to Know is to Honour

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EPILOGUE

Acknowledgments

This little book could never have been written except for the countless number of friends, relations and colleagues who have helped and encouraged me. Some have read the whole book, others certain chapters, many have given me their impressions of, and others allowed me to use their expressions regarding the men and women I have tried to describe.

To acknowledge them all by name would be impossible, so I am acknowledging none in that way, but in my heart I acknowledge all with gratitude and with the realization that to them I owe my book of portraits.

H. M.

Foreword

PERHAPS ONE OF the greatest compensations of old age is the possibility of bringing into play what we know as remembrance—of being able to turn our thoughts on to those who have passed “out of the stress of the doing into the peace of the done,” those who have left their imprint on our lives and who can never be forgotten—a Remembrance which invigorates and which encourages.

As I look back over my life, I realize there are many such men and women of very diverse experience, outlook and knowledge but yet, curiously enough, all, at least so it seems to me, qualified to make that glorious boast—I HAVE FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT—I have laboured, I have struggled, I have made every effort—and—I have not given way—I have not lost courage. I HAVE FINISHED THE COURSE—I have run the race—I have run it with a purpose—not for money, not for honours, nor material reward, but to be kind, to be helpful, to be understanding and to be single-minded. I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH—not perhaps childish beliefs and not perhaps strict adherence to creeds, but that faith that embodies those eternal verities of the spirit and are summed up in that great definition of true religion—to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with my God.

It is because I have met many in the course of my life who I know could, in all honesty, make that glorious boast that I have tried to enshrine some of them in this little book of memories.

H. M.

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A Wonderful Mother

LOUISA MARTINDALE

In Loving Memory of

LOUISA MARTINDALE 1839-1914

A Wonderful Mother

A Staunch Friend

Strong and Inspiring

A Champion of a Larger Life for Women

A Defender of Free Church Principles

SUCH WERE THE WORDS I had inscribed on a tablet which was placed in the Congregational Hall at Horsted Keynes, on her death in 1914, and after more than thirty years I do not want to alter them.

She had certainly the qualities of true motherhood, there was nothing possessive about her, indeed when the time came she seemed to thrust her children from her; they must live their own lives, and yet we knew that we were ever in her thoughts and that she was there with her wisdom and greater experience of life if we needed her.

That she was a staunch friend many could testify. Men and women of all classes and of many different nations drew on her friendship and found she never failed them. Children realized it and loved being with her.

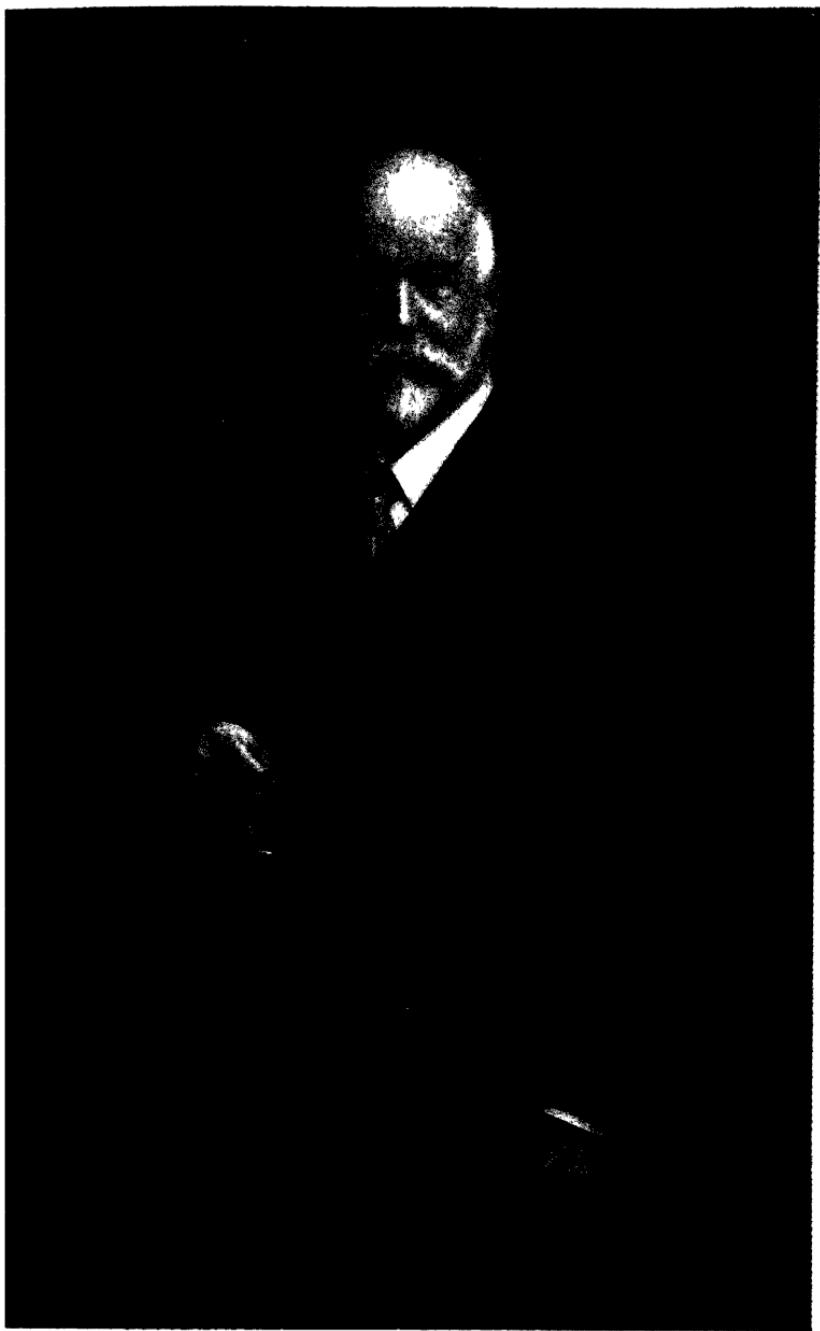
Strong she certainly was, with those qualities of true leadership which have been described as foresight, courage and single-mindedness and added to this strength was great power of inspiring others—due to her sympathy, understanding and the unfailing encouragement she gave them.

That she was a champion of a larger life for women cannot be denied—the question was always in her mind, and when one looks round on the position of women to-day with the opportunities and responsibilities they have gained, it is clear that her work has indeed been crowned.

A defender of Free Church principles was, I think, a true picture of her. She recognized that religious truths must be presented in different

ways to meet differing minds and needs and that we could not all think and feel alike. All that she desired was that Free Church principles which meant much to her should have the opportunity of being known and realized so that the help they had brought to her could be shared by others to whom they might appeal.

No book of memories would be complete without a memory of my mother, and so I have enshrined this one in my little book, conscious of the fact that it is short and incomplete but remembering that I have dealt elsewhere with her life and work in its fullness and completeness.



Elliott & Fry, Ltd.,
THE RT. HON. SIR ALBERT SPICER, BT., P.C.

The Best Type of Victorian

THE RT. HON. SIR ALBERT SPICER, BT., P.C.

Lord, who shall dwell in Thy Tabernacle; or who shall rest upon
Thy holy hill?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life; and doeth the thing
which is right and speaketh the truth from his heart.

SIR ALBERT SPICER has been described as a Victorian of the best type, and undoubtedly this is a fitting title, for in an unconventional essay in biography by one of his family we get a close-up portrait of a man who lived through the Victorian period—that era of Liberalism and Evangelicalism with its great movements both in life and thought as well as great ideals—and who represented qualities regarded in those days as of the highest value in the City of London, the House of Commons, Congregationalism and Social Service.

In this little sketch no close-up portrait is attempted; I desire only to recall to memory an uncle who played for over fifty years a big part in my life—an uncle who never failed to take an understanding interest in my life and work.

Albert Spicer was born in London in 1847, the sixth child of James Spicer and his wife, formerly Louisa Edwards. He was born into a prosperous home but one in which hard work and vigorous undertakings were encouraged.

My mother, his eldest sister, was eight years his senior and undoubtedly had watched over him in his early years. A friendship sprang up between them which ripened as the years went on. They continued to live for some time under the parental roof as each married somewhat late, and they must have grown to know each other well. It is possible therefore to picture them sharing the same interests, reading the same books, discussing and arguing over the questions of the hour riding and walking together. This friendship never lessened, although in the course of years their ways parted.

It was a friend of this brother whom my mother married. William Martindale lived at Woodford and came to know my uncle and through

him was introduced to the family. My grandfather evidently thought his son could be trusted in his choice of friends and so gave his warm approval to my mother's engagement.

My mother's married life was short and she was left a widow after three years with many responsibilities and cares, my birth taking place six months after my father's death. Her brother, still unmarried, was always available if she should need his help and advice, for they certainly understood and respected each other and were prepared to go to each other's aid.

My uncle's marriage in 1879 to Jessie Stewart Dykes was a joy to my mother as she realized he had chosen a woman who would bring him complete happiness. Indeed one of his sons was able to say nearly sixty years later, "If ever a marriage was made in Heaven, this one was. For fifty-six years they lived together in a state of love and happiness seldom equalled and never exceeded." She was beautiful, full of charm, a gracious and intelligent hostess and a marvellous mother to her eleven children. She excelled in being able to give to each one of them as well as to her husband all that they demanded of her in sympathy, understanding and advice. My uncle was heard to say, "My children may not be especially clever, but thank goodness they all have personality." And this was indeed a true remark, but not a surprising one, in view of the strong personality of both their parents.

Perhaps it was due to the fact that I was fatherless that my uncle seemed to take a special interest in my welfare, anyhow he certainly did.

His great generosity was one of his chief characteristics; he desired always to share the good things of life with his fellows. I remember that throughout the early part of my life he insisted from time to time on paying for me to ride, a pastime I much enjoyed (as he did also), but could not always afford, and my pride when as a very little girl I went out riding with him through Epping Forest.

He took a genuine interest in the doings of other people and when I had embarked on my career was always prepared to listen to anything I wanted to tell him, however busy he might happen to be, and to give me his opinion on any difficult decision I had to make. His judgment was sound and his advice I found worth following. He always, however, treated me with consideration and deference—he never belittled people or talked down to them. Indeed it has been said of him that he was

popular with all classes and that he could get on with a dustman as easily as with a duke; he would find them both interesting and equally absorbing and his innate courtesy would never forsake him.

In these days of clothing coupons and shabby and often ill-cut clothes it is pleasant to look back on a man who had evidently made use of the services of a first-class tailor and boot-maker and was in addition well valeted.

Although he held strong opinions and was himself inspired by the truths of Evangelical Christianity he was broad in his outlook and certainly, as far as I was concerned, never tried to influence me to accept his way of thinking on this subject. Religion was not always on his lips although it was certainly always in his life, but he did not try to proselytize.

With a nonchalant air as if he were offering me a cigarette he handed me one day a little book of prayers which ever since and for very many years has been my constant companion. Except for that one act, he made no effort to influence my religious outlook, which is rather surprising when one remembers how it was the custom during the Victorian period to thrust religion before people. He felt strongly that laymen must think more of what they can give to religion than what they can get from it.

In his attitude to women he was ahead of his time—he never regarded them as subordinates; to his just mind such an attitude was unthinkable. He believed firmly in the equality of men and women, and the feminist party in the House of Commons could always depend on his support on this subject. “I was at Woodford on Wednesday, Lady Henry Somerset was there too and spoke extremely well—I had to follow her which was no easy task,” he wrote to my mother in 1896. There was no indication of male superiority in his acts or thoughts.

Like most of his brothers and sisters he was a wide traveller and had visited all parts of the world; indeed he visited China and the Far East when he was seventy-eight years of age, and as he had a passion for collecting facts he had a wide knowledge on many different subjects. This proved very useful to him during the many years he served the Liberal cause in the House of Commons.

The connection of the Spicer family with paper had been a long one, dating back to 1642, and my grandfather James Spicer, with the help

of his four sons, had developed his business in the City into one of the largest in the wholesale paper trade, whether in London or any other country. The high principles and shrewd business acumen of my grandfather were passed on to his sons and stood them in good stead.

The production of books has for many years been a concern of the family, for not only did my uncles produce the paper but my aunts married George and Edward Unwin, who have developed printing into a high-class craft, while in the next generation we have Sir Stanley Unwin, the well-known publisher.

One of Albert Spicer's first principles was to regard the family firm in the same way that the good land-owner looks upon his estate. He felt it his duty to take an interest in all his employees, from the highest to the lowest and to make them realize that they had as much individual interest in the business as he had himself. He made a point of knowing personally as many of his staff as he possibly could and was trusted and respected by all, as was shown at a dinner given to him towards the end of his life by his employees when he received an ovation which was tremendous in its warmth and emotion.

He had tireless energy and never spared himself, but he had no wish or inclination to do everything himself; he trusted his subordinates whom he chose with sound judgment and expected good work from them, with satisfactory results. He believed firmly in his father's tenet, "never do anything which anyone else can do for you."

Living as he did for thirty years in a big house in Lancaster Gate he was able to entertain to his heart's content. He certainly loved entertaining, so people from all over the world were welcomed to his weekly dinner parties and for week-ends where they would be sure of finding a delightful and genial host. But it was not only the well-to-do who were entertained at Lancaster Gate. One delightful evening was spent in Christmas week by sixty girls from a club for factory girls at Canning Town; "it was like being in Heaven," was their verdict, but the most striking result of the evening was the confidence they felt that in Mr. Spicer they had one who would champion their cause in the House of Commons.

His servants were devoted to him and his butler Stannet, who had ministered to his wants for thirty years, nearly worshipped him, so no domestic difficulty came his way and his desires were always fulfilled.

Fortunately for me my uncle and I had one great interest in common. Although for thirty-three years my work had been in connection with the betterment of industrial conditions I never lost sight of my first concern—the care of the homeless child. This subject was also his life interest, and for many years he served on the Committee of the State Children's Association, the object of which was to break up the big barrack schools for Poor Law children and place the children instead in small cottage homes or board them out in families so that they might receive individual care and affection. It was a strong committee that directed the affairs of this association and among its members were Lord Lytton, Dame Henrietta Barnett and Mr. Lovat Fraser, a team with which my uncle could work whole-heartedly. He took this work very seriously and was constantly visiting children in their homes or getting other people whose judgment he could trust to do the same and report their findings to him.

Undoubtedly the State Children's Association stirred and influenced public opinion on this subject and improvements over a number of years were gradually brought about, culminating in the recommendations of the Curtis Committee in 1947—recommendations which would indeed have rejoiced my uncle's heart.

He always took his duties very seriously and in 1912, when he received a Privy Councillorship, an honour which greatly pleased my mother (although for some reason or other she disliked him becoming a baronet), he carefully investigated what his responsibilities would be in connection with this office. To his surprise he found that every Privy Councillor automatically became a Governor of the Foundling Hospital. From that moment, to the surprise of the officials connected with it, he took a keen interest in the affairs of the Hospital, and when the London site was sold and the Hospital removed to a temporary location until a permanent home could be found, he took a very active part in the search for the latter.

Throughout his life he had been an optimist and looked upon the bright side of things, and this stood him in good stead during the last five years of his life when he was stricken with a serious illness and his powers gradually slipped from him. The London he loved he would not desert and so, surrounded by flowers for which he had a passion, he patiently and with dignity awaited the end, never complaining,

always courteous and kind to those who ministered to him and meeting his relations and intimate friends with a charming smile of welcome.

Indeed my last memory of him is the smile he gave me and the word "congratulations" which he murmured with an effort when I went to tell him of my promotion to the Treasury.

A Social Worker of the Last Generation

CHARLOTTE SPICER

TRAINED SOCIAL WORKERS are now regarded as an essential part of the community. Universities have set up Social Science Departments to train them, books have been written on the subject, and practical training under tuition has been arranged in voluntary organizations. Government departments and local authorities desire officials who have received this training, and advertisement columns of newspapers are full of applications for social workers, especially in the present day, for those known as psychiatric social workers. The 1939-45 war made great demands on their services, so much so that in 1944 the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust decided that one of their main branches of activity during the early post-war period should be an investigation into the provision of facilities for the training of social workers both present and prospective, and appointed a trained investigator, Miss Eileen L. Younghusband, M.B.E., J.P., to carry out the enquiry and report on it.

Social workers have come to stay, and looking back one is forced to realize that we owe them largely to the Evangelical movement in the great Victorian era, that era of seriousness, diligence and faith, as before then they were practically unknown. Men and women arose during that period who, influenced by their spiritual outlook, exhibited a passion for improving the conditions of life around them. They became intent on "the binding together of all classes of people in an effort to make life in this country better in every sense of the word," and one of the ways of doing it was by the establishment of settlements, places where could be found the beginning of serious, thoughtful and organized effort to tackle social ills, not only as part of personal religion but as a social obligation.

"The Canning Town and Victoria Dock District of East London peculiarly needs aid from the other parts of the metropolis," states a publication in 1891. "It is isolated from its richer neighbours and on account of being outside Middlesex is excluded from any funds avail-

able for other parts of the East End. It is a vast industrial centre with huge factories extending from the Beckton Gasworks to the Thames Ironworks and shipbuilding yards, and including many establishments such as jam and jute works and mat factories, where large numbers of women and girls are employed. For a population of 70,000 few places of healthy recreation have existed in the past, while the numerous public-houses have done much to demoralize men, women and young persons. Many men are unable to find employment or have only an occasional day's work at the Docks, so that the poverty in this district is unusually distressing."

It was to this benighted district that a little band of women was attracted; they felt that no part of the metropolis presented more crying needs and offered such exceptional facilities for the training of women for mission work, at home or abroad, and amongst this little band was Charlotte Spicer. From its beginning she threw herself whole-heartedly into the work—first of all serving on the committee and in three years' time becoming one of its honorary secretaries, a post she held for very many years.

Charlotte Spicer was born in 1852, the youngest daughter of James Spicer of Harts, Woodford Green, and was educated at what in those days was considered to be a very up-to-date boarding school, where she certainly received a good education. To-day she would have gone to the university and enjoyed the life there, but this was denied her.

Her home was a prosperous one, and she could, if she had wanted it, have settled down to a life of comfort and ease, but this did not appeal to her. True, like all her family, she travelled extensively and as she was physically strong found a great deal of pleasure in walking, climbing and riding. She was also a musician and in her early days played and sang well and enjoyed concerts. In stature she was small and *petite*, with good and clear-cut features, and always dressed well, getting many of her clothes direct from Paris. Her movements were very quick and direct; indeed she resembled a little field-marshal and would never be daunted by difficulties. I can see her now in charge of a troop of little unruly boys; they were soon made to realize who was their master. With her numerous nephews and nieces—and there were many of them, twenty-seven girls and twenty-nine boys—she was a little personality who counted. She did not hesitate to tell them their



CHARLOTTE SPICER

faults without mincing her words, but she was always strictly just. I think she took her position as aunt more seriously than many aunts do to-day and indeed felt a certain responsibility for her nieces and nephews. Like so many of her generation she found it difficult to express affection; any demonstration of it was repressed, and yet undoubtedly it was there and it was called upon by many of us. I remember, somewhat to my surprise, that it was she I wanted when I had to meet a great sorrow, and I can still see her trying to show me her sympathy and love. She was absolutely discreet and guarded people's secrets with jealous care, especially if they would have shown any wrong-doing; inquisitiveness on the part of others was immediately snubbed. Generous to excess, she never let her left hand know what her right hand was doing; many large donations or presents were given anonymously and many girls were helped to train for a career without anyone knowing. She had a pleasant way of remembering one's birthday and always added one shilling to the cheque she sent for each additional year of one's age; and when her nieces and nephews stayed at Harts for Christmas they were sent to select for themselves her present to them from a certain alluring shop full of games and attractive knick-knacks, as to choose one's present would give it a special fillip.

On the death of my grandparents, Harts, the large family house, was disposed of, and my aunt and her unmarried sister Harriet spent a year journeying round the world. On their return they settled down in a comfortable house in Woodford; but it was not for long, they both wanted to see more of the world before they were older, so once again set off on their travels. On their return they decided to live in London and took a delightful house in Westbourne Terrace, which they only left for a smaller house towards the end of their lives. Both aunts were good housekeepers and enjoyed entertaining, especially their nieces and nephews, and as the years went on their great-nephews and nieces as well, and we could all be certain of being made very comfortable and fed on delectable food. Indeed their house became a place of family reunion. They were ministered to by servants of the old school, Patten and Martin having been with them for about thirty years. Martin was a remarkable maid—the furniture shone with elbow grease, dust was unknown, and every detail which might add to one's comfort

was studied, even to pulling partly out a few matches for use if necessary from the box placed nightly with the candle by one's bedside.

It was my luck to have to move house fairly often and whenever they could do so came an offer of help from my aunts. I knew then that my household gods would be placed quickly and efficiently in their right places without any discussions or argument.

In Charlotte Spicer's mind there was no doubt as to the equality between the sexes, both her nieces and nephews should be treated alike and the services of professional women should be called upon when this was possible. She left a nephew and myself her executors with the instruction that we should employ a woman solicitor for the legal work connected with the winding up of her estate.

Religion, especially the efficacy of prayer, meant much to her. She was a strong adherent of Congregationalism and a devout member of her church, and in her early days undertook a great deal of work in connection with Sunday Schools and Mothers' Meetings. She was a fairly fluent speaker and once when a visiting preacher to the church she was attending failed to come, at a moment's notice stepped into the breach.

It was not surprising that in 1891 when it was decided to establish a Women's Settlement at Canning Town she should have thrown herself whole-heartedly into the work. Indeed, I believe if she had not been living with her unmarried sister, who although a busy woman herself in other directions of social work depended on her for company, she would have given up her delightful house with its comforts and servants and taken up her permanent residence in that distressed area, for to serve others was her ardent desire. A perusal of the early annual reports which are real human documents shows that the activities in the Settlement grew at a bewildering pace. In this country it has been the custom for voluntary work in combating evils to prepare the ground for legislation, and this was certainly the case at the Canning Town Women's Settlement. The workers there dealt with things that were found to really matter and which, in due time, came under the aegis of Government Departments or Local Authorities.

In 1892, for example, there was no London County Council Children's Care Committee and Poor Men's Lawyers were scarce. So

the Settlement filled the want. "One mother comes to us with a little blind girl of ten years asking our help to place her in some school where she can be taught to earn her living" is recorded in the Annual Report for that year. "Another brings her little cripple boy to know if we can do anything for him. The doctor has ordered a poroplastic jacket but it is beyond her means to get it," is another case mentioned. "While one old body comes with eager hope that we may help her to a fortune of £200 which had been left her by an uncle who died abroad. The solicitor says it is certainly hers if she can prove that eleven members of the family who have prior claim are all dead. This is done and the old woman fairly dances with joy."

As to live entirely at the Settlement was not possible Charlotte Spicer arranged to spend at least one day a week there. She was also often in residence for short periods either to act for the warden, Miss Cheetham, a remarkable woman with a striking personality, or to help with any special undertaking, and the call on her willing services was great.

Unemployment was rife in the district and there was no unemployment benefit, so a workroom was set up under Miss Spicer's direction. Money was collected to buy materials, clothing was cut out and given to carefully selected women to make in their own homes. No woman could take more than one shilling's worth of work a week, but when one's income stands at three shillings and sixpence per week a shilling each week made an addition not to be lightly estimated, and women flocked to the workroom. The clothes returned were critically inspected and when passed sold to people living in the neighbourhood. As there were no Employment Exchanges in those days a Woman's Employment Bureau was set up and also a branch of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, and as the supply of servants was greater than the demand a free registry was instituted and ladies in need of young girls to train for servants were earnestly requested to apply for them. Clubs for factory girls were established and much appreciated, and as there were no cinemas but plenty of public-houses, picnics in Epping Forest were regularly organized on Bank holidays.

Cheap dinners for children and children's country holidays were all

arranged for at the Settlement, and as no education was provided for crippled or handicapped children by the school authorities classes for them were started by one of the residents. A donkey and cart collected them each morning and returned them to their homes at night, and a new life opened up before numerous little children disabled in this way, and the education authority were given an example which in due course they followed.

Friends living in the country were asked to send each week to the Settlement little bunches of flowers, and these were used as an introduction by the residents when visiting and helped to gain entrance into many homes. In the present day we have become accustomed to unannounced visitors, official and otherwise, but this was not so in the 'nineties; they were inclined to be received with suspicion and a little bunch of flowers opened many doors to the social worker.

A branch of the Women's Co-operative Guild was started for the education of the women and many interesting discussions took place on such subjects as the Parish Council Act, the Factory Acts, the municipalization of public-houses and such-like.

Perhaps what caused the greatest anxiety to the residents of the Settlement was the low state of health of the women and children living around them and the scarcity of medical aid, so two highly trained Sisters from the London Hospital were appointed to visit in the homes, a dispensary was set up in charge of medical women and finally a well-equipped hospital was built with a first-class consulting staff, chiefly composed of medical women. The women and children in Canning Town were then indeed ministered to by a devoted band of qualified women.

Miss Cheetham herself, and later Miss Spicer, served on the Board of Guardians and helped to enlighten that body as to their duties, while other residents became School Board Managers.

But through all these years the spiritual basis of the work was not forgotten and the Sunday afternoon service for women and the Sunday evening service for children gradually attracted large numbers and became an inspiring feature in the lives of many of the inhabitants.

In these ways the activities of the Settlement grew from strength to strength and so did the buildings and equipment. From a small beginning in one small house it grew to a specially built house for residents,

well planned and furnished, Lees Hall, a fine hall with offices for the work carried on (this place, alas! was destroyed by enemy action), and the Medical Mission Hospital for Women.

The Women's Settlement at Canning Town was cert . . . Charlotte Spicer's greatest interest; here she found scope for all her ability and energy. As honorary secretary she had a grasp of the Settlement work as a whole and kept her finger on every aspect of it. She came in close contact with the women of the district and her sympathy helped them to look upon her as one of their truest friends.

"I knew Miss Spicer for so many years and always think of her with admiration for a character so sincere, so just and absolutely dependable," writes a co-worker. "She was alert and full of interest and with the moral courage to face difficult situations and make just decisions." She was certainly courageous and would speak out if she considered anything wrong, much as she disliked doing so and she could give wise advice where required to smooth out difficulties.

In Woodford and elsewhere she interested many in East London who were able to give financial help to the Settlement and her own generosity was very great. She inspired others to want to contribute their service in the effort to make life in Canning Town better in every sense of the word. Indeed there was a moment in my life when I considered giving up my official post and throwing in my lot with the inhabitants of Canning Town. I received, however, no encouragement from my aunt to do so. I suppose she thought I was already well employed.

No portrait of Charlotte Spicer would be complete without reference to her other lifelong interest, The Friendly Female Society, now called the Friendly Almshouses. In these days when the care of the aged has stirred public opinion and might almost be said to be "in the fashion," it is interesting to find that in 1802 a few women formed themselves into a committee with one of their number as chairman in order to come to "the relief of poor infirm widows and single women of good character above the age of 60 years who had seen better days and who reside within ten miles of St. Paul's." Charlotte Spicer's grandmother joined the committee in 1835 and was later followed by

her daughter, my grandmother, Mrs. James Spicer, who acted as treasurer until her death in 1892. Since 1865 the funds of the Society have been treasured by her and her descendants, Charlotte Spicer acting in that capacity for forty years. The relief given to the aged was in the form of pensions and residence in almshouses situated at Camberwell and Brixton. The Friendly Female Society was regarded in the family with respect by some and mirth by others, but whoever they were my aunt saw to it that they subscribed or served on the committee, with the result that to-day four of her nieces and one great-niece are trying to carry on her work, the treasurership still being in the hands of one niece while I serve as chairman.

That Charlotte Spicer was a social worker with foresight and sympathetic approach must be admitted. True she was untrained, but hard work and common sense soon made up for that, although she would have been the last to acknowledge it as she realized the value of training and indeed worked for it.

It was fortunate for her that she was able to keep her interest in social work until the end of her life, for she did not have to face a long illness or any impairment of her mental faculties. At the age of eighty years she suddenly and peacefully died, leaving her elder sister Harriet, with whom she lived, to face solitude for another year.

And so I pay my tribute to an aunt and social worker of the last generation who, forgetting herself, devoted her love and strength to serving others and of whom it can without hesitation be said "She is thine, O Lord, thou lover of Souls."

Power of Social Reform

SIR MALCOLM DELEVINGNE, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

AN INTELLIGENT and travelled business man once said to me that he preferred at a dinner-party to sit next to a Civil Servant of the administrative class—that is to say a man who has entered the Service by the stiffest of all examinations—than anyone else because he could talk with such deep knowledge on so many varied subjects of general interest.

Certainly it is a fact that the Home Civil has attracted to itself in the past men with the keenest brains and the most active intelligence in the country, indeed it is only men of that calibre who would have a chance of securing high enough marks in the examination to gain a place. That the choice of men by a stiff examination and an interview has proved successful is evident when one considers the work the Civil Service has been required to undertake in recent years, especially during the War period.

While I was serving in H.M. Treasury it was my duty to sit for many days and indeed weeks on the boards appointed to interview candidates for the Home Civil and Foreign Office as it was a rule that one woman should take part in the interview. I found it a never-failing interest to weigh up the merits of the young men and women from the universities who came before us; to watch their careers and later on to find that the large majority of those selected had certainly made good.

It has also been my privilege to work in connection with a number of Civil Servants of first-class rank and seniority and to observe them engaged on their duties. I have seen them turn from one question to another with almost lightning speed, master any intricate problem, absorb the essential, discard what is unnecessary and finally make a decision showing knowledge and sound judgment, or draft a minute which excels in cogency and force. Such Civil Servants acquire a power of dealing with a large number of subjects in an impartial and objective manner without prejudice or bias but on solid lines.

A glance through *Who's Who* shows that it has been possible to

transfer Civil Servants of the administrative class from one Government department to another—departments dealing with such varied matters as Inland Revenue, Post Office, Health, Labour, War, Trade, Mines, etc., and experience has shown that they have made a success of each new piece of work.

They are chosen as chairmen of committees because of the fair-mindedness which they display. They are sent as delegates to International Conferences because of the knowledge they possess and because they have been trained to be discreet and bring to their work the “listening ear.”

I admit they are often not good platform speakers as they are too much inclined to weigh their words, the well-known expression “the silent Civil Servant” is true of many of them. Public speaking, however, can well be left to the politician, and in these days one does not want to add to the multitude of men who seem to enjoy this form of occupation!

Looking back on my official life I am conscious of the fact that I was fortunate in that the industrial division of the Home Office was in the hands of Sir Robert Bannatyne, an administrative officer with an unusually good judgment who was always ready to give me his advice whenever I asked for it. He weighed up carefully the facts I placed before him and then gave a decision which time always showed me could be implicitly trusted.

Civil Servants, of course, take no share in Party politics, and that this is a wise regulation I realized during the course of my work. It interested me to notice how the Home Secretaries, whether Conservative, Liberal or Labour, could count on being equally well served by the Civil Servants who came into contact with them. There was never a suggestion of partiality, each one must receive in full measure the service they required. I suppose the ballot box became aware of the politics of the individual Civil Servants, but their colleagues were kept in ignorance and so were the masters to whom they ministered.

It cannot be denied that the selection and training of the administrative Civil Servant has resulted in this country being supplied by men of eminence and great knowledge, and if added to these qualities we have vision, determination and a passion for social reform we have a Service for which we may be indeed thankful.

Sir Malcolm Delevingne entered the Civil Service in 1892 and his

university career shows that he had unusual intellectual gifts. He was educated at the City of London School and was a scholar at Trinity College, Oxford. He obtained a first-class in Classical Moderations and a first-class in Literae Humaniores and was *proxime accessit* for the Gaisford Greek Verse Prize. At the age of twenty-four he took up an appointment with the Home Office and after a year or so became Private Secretary to the Secretary of State, a position much sought after by young Civil Servants as in that capacity they get the opportunity of seeing the day-to-day work of the government department which they serve. A review of the scope of the Home Office shows that it covers an immense variety of subjects. The King's Pleasure, the King's Peace, the Prerogative of Mercy, the Administration of Justice, Police Administration, Prisons, Aliens, Industrial Law, Dangerous Drugs, Public Morals are some of the subjects dealt with in that great Department of State. As Private Secretary the papers connected with all these would pass through the hands of Mr. Delevingne (as he was then) and would give him an insight into the vast array of questions under consideration and an opportunity of studying the matters in hand. In the course of years he filled one important position after another in that office until he finally became Deputy Permanent Under-Secretary of State, a post from which he retired in 1932, after forty years' service. Although of course it was his duty to make himself acquainted with all sides of work of the Home Office he became especially responsible for certain subjects.

Industrial Law made a special appeal to him and in 1905, 1906, and 1913 he was sent as British delegate to the International conferences on Labour Regulations at Berne, and in 1919 was the British representative on the Labour Commission of the Peace Congress in Paris and later at the International Labour conferences at Geneva and Washington. Indeed his work in connection with the International Labour Office is something of which he must feel justly proud. It was largely due to him that this office was established on such sound lines that it has gained a world-wide reputation for successful work. In its early stages he served on the Governing body and played a big part in shaping its policy, while the factory department at the Home Office under his guidance was so reformed and developed that to-day it is held in high esteem not only in the Civil Service but in the industrial world generally.

Safety in Coal Mines was also a subject to which he gave close consideration; he served on the Royal Commission dealing with this question and later became Chairman of the Safety in Mines Research Board, a position he continued to hold for many years after his retirement. Allied to the question of safety is the rehabilitation of persons injured by accident, and in this connection he chaired an inter-departmental committee and issued a report which gained much approval and resulted in far-reaching reforms. Indeed it may be said to have brought rehabilitation to the forefront of public attention.

Legislation in connection with the limitation of the manufacture of and trade in dangerous drugs, as for example opium, engaged a great deal of his attention and took him repeatedly to Geneva and even as far as Bangkok. It was realized by the Home Office that no trade or manufacture needed to be placed under such strict conditions as the trade in opium and other drugs to which the Dangerous Drugs Act of 1920 applied, and as not only the Home Office but also the Foreign Office and Colonial Office were intimately concerned it was agreed that one of the assistant Under-Secretaries of State at the Home Office should undertake the task of co-ordinating and representing the views of all the departments. The choice fell on Sir Malcolm. Soon he gained world-wide fame for his knowledge on this subject and was made chairman of the supervisory body under the International Convention of 1931 for the limitation of manufacture of dangerous drugs and representative of Great Britain on the League of Nations Opium Committee as well as being a member of several other bodies set up for the purpose of dealing with the subject. He realized that here was a great evil which must be fought and he never spared himself in the combat.

It was of course in connection with his work to improve the conditions of employment in our factories and workshops that it was my good fortune to be associated with Sir Malcolm, although I did not come closely into contact with him until 1925 when I became one of the three deputy Chief Inspectors of Factories at the Home Office. Before that time I had naturally heard of his reputation. I knew he was a hard worker with a quick brain and inclined to ask his subordinates very penetrating questions and I was somewhat nervous of having to work with him. Indeed I expressed this fear to the Chief Inspector, Sir

Gerald Bellhouse, when I became his deputy, but he comforted me by saying, "I like Delevingne and in time you will also." When possible I tried to accompany Sir Gerald when he was summoned to Sir Malcolm's room for a conference so that I might observe how to cope with such a clever and able man. In my very early days at the Home Office it was the curious custom for the women inspectors if they went to the room of one of their senior men colleagues, even if the room was adjacent, to put on their hat before entering. By 1925 this practice was discarded, my women colleagues and I had given up pandering to St. Paul and his views on women's uncovered heads. Anyhow Sir Malcolm did not seem to object to me appearing before him hatless!

True, at the time of the reorganization of the Factory Department in 1921 I had disagreed with the policy he advocated in regard to the amalgamation of the men's and women's staff and was deputed by my women colleagues who agreed with my view to ask for an interview so that I might represent to him our feelings on the matter, and this I did in fear and trembling. I was met, however, in a friendly and reasonable way by Sir Malcolm and my fears were somewhat dispelled, although I could not get him to agree with the opinions I put before him. Like many men of first-class rank Sir Malcolm treated his women colleagues with respect; he believed in women's work and never showed any prejudice or bias in regard to them. I have always noticed that opposition to women as colleagues comes from the man who is second class in his work, a man who is sure of himself raises no objection. Not only did Sir Malcolm treat the women officials at the Home Office with respect, but also with an old-world courtesy which I admit we found pleasant. Some men think this quality should be dropped when working with women, and although it is, of course, unessential and indeed objectionable if it covers prejudice and intolerance it has, when real, a pleasant side and indicates, I think, unselfishness and consideration for others.

To improve the conditions of employment in our factories and workshops was, I soon came to realize, the burning desire of Sir Malcolm, and there I found myself entirely at one with him. That I should wish to do this was not surprising, for day after day and for many years I had been visiting factories and their workers and had come to realize

the bad conditions under which a large number of men, women, and children worked and lived. But that this desire should be shared by Sir Malcolm, who sat all day in a huge room at the Home Office surrounded by books and files of papers, astonished me until I came to realize what imagination and a kind heart could effect. Instead of discarding any suggested reform or any draft memorandum put before him he set to work to improve it and this made me personally enjoy working with him. It was pleasant to see my lame efforts improved out of all recognition! He had of course the opportunity and power of bringing about reforms and was tireless in doing so, and much of the legislation regulating labour, both in this country and internationally, is due to his initiation and hard work. He always sensed where improvements were needed in an almost uncanny manner and then by determination and drive brought about the needed social reform. He was prepared to try new methods and was incapable of being hide-bound. When, for example, he came to realize during the 1914-18 war the need to secure more legislation for welfare conditions in factories he did not wait for a new Factories Act with all its ramifications and the complications connected with its passage through the House of Commons. To our surprise a small Bill called The Police, Factories, etc. (miscellaneous provisions), Bill was introduced and made law in 1916. This act with its vague title empowered the Secretary of State to require by order in any factory or workshop certain welfare provisions for the well-being of the workers. Now at last we could require where necessary the provision of such amenities as mess-rooms or canteens, washing conveniences, seats, first aid requirements, drinking water and such-like, amenities which we inspectors had longed to see in factories but had no power to require. There were still other directions in which, owing to Sir Malcolm's work, I had the delight of seeing my dreams become realities. About 1912 he had become aware of the fact that in Germany, Holland, Finland and several other European countries, industrial museums had been established which were permanent exhibitions of methods for promoting safety, health, and welfare in factories. He and Sir Arthur Whitelegge, the Chief Inspector, visited some of these foreign museums and recommended in a report to the Secretary of State that a similar exhibition should be established in this country. Their recommendation was accepted and a fine building erected in

Westminster which was completed just before 1914, but the war began before it could be put into use. In 1925, however, the organization and collection of exhibits was seriously taken in hand, the planning being undertaken by a small committee of technical inspectors with the Chief Inspector and myself. The mainspring of the committee, however, was its chairman, Sir Malcolm Delevingne, who put into it his power to initiate and to vitalize, and by 1927 it was ready for Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary to open by paying a private visit. This country has now a permanent exhibition of which it may be justly proud and workers, employers, makers of machinery, and others a place where they can learn more and more what can be done to make factories healthy and safe places. This museum would never have been established except for Sir Malcolm Delevingne. It has been his good fortune to see the conditions of employment for the industrial and mine worker revolutionized and he has had the satisfaction of knowing that he has taken a large share in bringing this about.

During all these years when engaged on questions of State policy he was interested in Barnardo's. In 1903 he was elected member of the association and stands now at the head of the list of associates. It was not surprising, therefore, that on his retirement from the Civil Service he should be asked to join the Council, which he did in 1934, becoming Chairman five years later, a post he held for nine years.

Barnardo's, of course, has a world-wide reputation; it has caught the imagination of the public as few other societies have done, owing largely to the firm foundation on which it was built by Barnardo himself. During the course of years it has attracted to itself men and women who have given devoted service, not only in the higher posts in the organization but in the humble, everyday jobs. A spirit pervades Barnardo's which it is difficult to describe, people are "caught" not by the money they are paid for their work nor the honours they receive, but by a feeling which penetrates it that here is a service they *must* render and that they are indeed fortunate to be able to do so. They realize they are the gainers as much if not more than the children they care for. "She will soon realize the value of religion if she comes into Barnardo's," a responsible woman worker said to me when we were discussing the appointment of a superintendent for a home, and she was right. There is no easy path in front of children these days and those who have

undertaken to serve them in Barnardo's realize that they must try and give them something which will help them in their difficulties and be a solace to them in their troubles.

"No, I just can't leave Barnardo's," one official who could double her salary on similar work outside said to me, and this view is shared by many others. The work holds people in a strange way and even if they do leave they hanker to come back. And this feeling of affection exists also in a large measure in the children themselves although, of course, some want to break away and strike out on their own lines.

"Now, not a word against the Homes," a girl who had unfortunately found her way into prison said to a prison commissioner who was visiting her. "It's due to myself and my goings-on that I am here, not the Homes', they cared for me all right." And then she sent appreciative messages to the General Superintendent, Mr. Kirkpatrick, and the senior Medical Officer, Dr. Gilmore. This appreciation is shared by many of the 136,000 who have found their way into Barnardo's. "I am sending this cheque in gratitude for all Dr. Barnardo's have done for me," writes a girl; "I am twenty-four years old now and I have realized what a splendid life you gave me. I am proud to be one of the family; God was good to me and still is." While an old boy who had served as radio officer in the British Fleet Mail writes, "I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Dr. Barnardo's Homes for all they have done for me since I was first admitted to their home. It is through the care and guidance that you have given me that I am where I am to-day, and I can honestly say that I have been and always will be proud to say that I am an old Barnardo boy."

Dr. Barnardo was a pioneer and his pioneering spirit still prevails in the Homes so that the work is ever developing on new lines, and here Sir Malcolm has rendered an unforgettable service. I suppose in all organizations people have come forward at the right moment to undertake the piece of work which it is necessary should be done at that particular time; anyhow this has been the case at Barnardo's. Sir Malcolm brought to this organization his fine gifts of initiation and quick penetration and a determination to get things improved and Barnardo's has indeed been the gainer. By sensing modern thought on the problem of the homeless child he has helped to keep the organization up to date, he has felt that Barnardo's has a great contribution to make

to the world to-day and that this contribution must never be parochial but universal. He has attracted to the work enterprising men and women and has then supported them and encouraged them in their endeavours. He believes in making use of the staff not only to carry out instructions but to join in deliberations, indeed he has tried to ensure that staff and Council should be as one in all they do and should act together as one body.

He has realized that the prayer for Barnardo's should be, "O Heavenly Father, make our hearts burn within us for children who go unloved or neglected, breathe into us a new and living love that with wise counsel and readiness to act with others we may turn to good account every law and every effort made for their welfare." Yes, the children for whom this large organization is responsible owed Sir Malcolm Delevingne a debt of gratitude which should never be forgotten.

Although for many years I have worked closely with him, first at the Home Office and then at Barnardo's, I have never heard him make an uncharitable remark about anyone, instead there has been generous appreciation of other people's qualities and labours and great humility as far as he himself is concerned.

At Oxford he made close and lasting friendships amongst his fellow-students and others, and as they married he became the best friend of their wives and families. A great walker, he usually took his holidays abroad and soon learned to love and know Italy and later Norway. "He was interested in flowers and everything he saw," writes one of his friends of those times, "and was a perfect fountainhead of information as to albergos and all else to his friends planning a continental holiday and equally eager to hear all about it on their return."

His loyalty to friends, colleagues and to the department in which he worked for so many years is well known to those who come into contact with him. To serve others whether in big or small matters has been his aim and his burning desire and no one can deny but that he has accomplished his aim and fulfilled his desire.

A Civil Servant of Great Integrity

SIR GERALD BELLHOUSE, C.B.E.

IN A CONVERSATION with an eminent retired Civil Servant who has helped to select more men and women for high posts in the Civil Service than perhaps anyone else, I asked him what was the chief quality he desired to find in a candidate for the Service, and without a moment's hesitation he said—"integrity"—and when I asked him to tell me the second most important quality he thought for a moment and then said—"humanity."

It is, of course, the fashion at the present time to belittle Civil Servants. We are told they lack initiative and imagination, are prone to procrastinate, are unwilling to take responsibility and make decisions, are devoted to precedent and are inaccessible. Some of these defects may exist to a certain extent and, of course, should be overcome. But surely the public desire above everything Civil Servants of integrity and humanity. Those are the qualities they want to find in the attitude of Civil Servants to themselves rather than speed and undigested decisions. If the bureaucrats display the qualities of integrity and humanity the country has nothing to fear. Undoubtedly as it has been said the Civil Servant must never forget that he is the servant not the master of the community, and that official competence need not and should not involve the loss of the human touch. The British Civil Service is said to be the finest in the world and if that is so, which I see no reason to doubt, it is, I am sure, because it has been built up on these two great qualities.

It has been my lot to work closely for thirty-seven years with men and women Civil Servants. I have counted it my good fortune that the Home Office was the Government Department with which I was associated with its long tradition of justice and fair play. Action may have been slow in that department at times, but if it were so it was in order that there should be no error in judgment and that nothing mean or underhand should take place. It was possible to trust one's colleagues in the Home Office, one could rest assured that one would not be let



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SIR GERALD BELLHOUSE, C.B.E.

down, that nothing ignoble should occur was the wish of the heads of that department.

Now Sir Gerald Bellhouse displayed the quality of absolute integrity to a marked extent. I acted as his deputy for eight years, working very closely with him, so I think I am in a position to judge. He was incapable of doing anything that was base or disloyal, and with it went—although at times with a somewhat unemotional exterior—true humanity.

Sir Gerald Bellhouse, C.B.E., was born in 1867, the son of William Bellhouse, of Alderley Edge, Cheshire, and of the old Manchester firm of James & W. Bellhouse, Fine Cotton Spinners. He was educated at Fettes College, Edinburgh, and Trinity College, Cambridge, and for a short time was connected with the family business. At the age of twenty-four years, however, he was appointed one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Factories in the Home Office. He received quick promotion and fairly soon in his career, indeed after four years, was appointed District Inspector for Dublin, to be followed by a similar but more responsible position in East London. Promotion, however, continued in his case to be rapid, and in 1908 he was made Superintending Inspector of the Manchester Division, to be followed in 1917 by promotion to the Deputy Chiefship at the Home Office. He only served in that capacity for a short while before he was appointed to act under the National Service Department, first as Commissioner for London and the South-Eastern Area and subsequently as Chief Commissioner. In 1922 he became Chief Inspector of Factories, a post he held until his retirement in 1932. Four years later he was appointed chairman of the Unemployment Assistance Board Advisory Committee for South-East London.

It was in Dublin in 1905 that I first made his acquaintance when I announced to him that I was proposing to visit in his district. In those days women inspectors had a roving commission and were empowered to visit any factories and workshops employing women and children in any part of the country. Looking back I have come to the conclusion that it could not have been altogether easy for the District Inspector who was always a man and responsible for the enforcement of the Factory Acts in the factories and workshops in his district to have a woman Inspector with perhaps different standards come into his

domain, and while she was there leave the jurisdiction of the Acts in certain factories in her hands. Anyhow, Mr. Bellhouse as he was then seemed to take my advent calmly and without any fuss, and in his own handwriting made the long list of factories which he thought it would be very useful if I would visit, explaining carefully where they were situated. I found him a pleasant change after some of the District Inspectors with whom I had been obliged to deal and I felt he knew how to play the game.

For some years our paths did not cross again. In 1916, however, he was appointed Member of the Health of Munition Workers Committee, and when I was called to give evidence before that committee I remember he asked me some devastating questions in connection with my suggested reforms which were difficult to meet and I realized he was very direct with sound opinions. In the course of time he was appointed as chairman or member of innumerable Government committees dealing with many varying subjects, his outstanding qualities of impartiality and absolute fairness having been recognized. Although these committees were chiefly composed of employers and workers, all left the conference table when he had presided feeling assured that their views had received just and impartial consideration. He was trusted equally by employers and employed. He early realized the outstanding qualities of Ernest Bevin and watched his career with great interest. In 1940 he wrote to me:

"I am so terribly sorry that Bevin has had to undergo this operation and I do trust that there is nothing seriously wrong with him. He is very much the right man in the right place. I have always had great admiration for him and he stands so well with both sides that he can get things done in the world of labour which would be much more difficult for other people."

Sir Gerald was indeed full of discernment as we who live in 1948 can testify.

At Geneva he was an outstanding figure at the International Labour Conference. From the start he was interested in the International side of labour regulations and much of its development is due to his knowledge and progressive outlook. Prevention of accidents was, I think, the

subject nearest to his heart. Like most Inspectors of Factories his work had brought him into contact with much suffering and misery caused by unfenced machinery or dangerous practices, and he never rested in the campaign to prevent the occurrence of accidents. He took the greatest interest in the formation of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents and when Chief Inspector encouraged the staff to do the same, while welfare in industry owes more to him in its initial stages than is realized. It was in that direction that he felt much could be done to alleviate the life of the industrial worker, and time has proved that his view was correct. He always sensed the modern trend of events; was not destructive, but put his strength into supporting new ideas and thus was held in high regard by his superior officers who were progressive in outlook.

Although his humanity was sometimes hidden under what appeared to be a rather unemotional exterior it was always there, and he was not hedged round by officialdom which would prevent him when necessary exceeding his powers. I shall always remember his bursting into my room at the Home Office full of indignation over a case which had come to his notice of a girl being wronged in a specially cruel way by her employer. "Something must be done for the girl and her employer must be brought to book." That the matter was not regulated by the Factory Acts was of no consequence, it was his instruction that I should enquire into it and deal with the matter at once.

In some ways his attitude to women was Victorian. After I had been dining with him and Lady Bellhouse in their charming house in Eaton Square—he was always a delightful host—there was a difficulty about getting me a taxi so he insisted on walking to Victoria Station and seeing me into a taxi there. I reminded him that I was accustomed to inspect unescorted and late into the night the big workshops in West London as well as the little factories and workshops in Whitechapel and Stepney; but it was no use—when I was his guest I was a lady who must be protected, not a woman inspector.

Still, when in 1921 the great change in the Factory Department came and the men's and women's side of the inspectorate were amalgamated and the women inspectors were eligible for all posts, it fell to Sir Gerald as Chief Inspector to put these great changes into operation. Once again he showed his sense of justice, fair dealing and open-

mindedness with the result that this reorganization proved a noteworthy success, and provided an example which was followed by other departments throughout the Service. As his deputy he took care that I should have exactly the same opportunities and responsibilities as his men deputies. He knew how to delegate and never interfered, and yet he was always ready to give me his help and counsel if desired. A somewhat silent man, Sir Gerald was noted for his sound advice and good judgment. It was, of course, his duty and also that of his deputies to hold themselves in readiness to give advice to the administrative officials of the Home Office on technical subjects connected with the work and in regard to persons with whom we might come into closer contact than they would be able to do. I shall always remember the serious manner in which he received a remark of mine that a high official was easily taken in by women. "It is our duty, Miss Martin-dale," he said, "to see that this does not occur." I felt rebuked.

He never put a spoke in anyone's wheel. He was too big a man to do that and always frankly acknowledged other people's work and ideas—a somewhat rare quality. He was slow to criticize others and if he did so was scrupulously fair. In my opinion he was generous with praise. He was a man of few words, and that he was appreciative was not always realized. Before I worked closely with him, and indeed hardly knew him, I was very surprised when he came one day into my room at the Home Office holding in his hand a report I had written on a certain subject which had reached him as Deputy Chief Inspector and said, "This is a quite excellent report." His praise which was quite unexpected and uncalled for certainly made up for much of the fatigue caused by travelling and uncomfortable hotel accommodation which I had experienced when gathering the material for the report.

Although a man of very fine presence he was retiring and never thrust himself before his superiors. He was keen on games and sport, especially shooting and fishing, and very appreciative of the countryside. In a letter he wrote me in September 1940 from his home near Alton to which he retired, he said:

"I am afraid London is having a bad time of it with air-raid warnings, but I hope they have not been dropping bombs in your immediate neighbourhood. This is a line in search of news of you and of how you

are getting on. We get a good many warnings round here; we have not, however, had any bombs so far. How beastly it all is—and yet as I look out of the window this morning I see a perfectly peaceful, glorious summer day and the country and garden looking lovely. Truly it is only man that is vile."

I am not keen on public speaking or presiding at functions, but I own I was pleased when it fell to my lot as Senior Deputy Chief Inspector to preside at a dinner of farewell which the staff gave him and to present him with a letter of appreciation and gratitude from his colleagues.

A long illness, bravely borne, followed his retirement in 1932, but his interest in his Department never failed and he was always ready to help me when I desired to draw on his sound judgment, for he was a constant friend. During the bombing of London invitations came to me to visit him in his country house as a little country air might refresh me, and a sympathetic letter reached me the day after the only bomb which fell in London on the previous night fell on the block of flats in which I lived.

It surely cannot be denied that Sir Gerald Bellhouse with his integrity and humanity was a man of whom the Civil Service may be justly proud.

An Unforgettable Personality

DAME ADELAIDE ANDERSON, D.B.E.

IF THE QUALITIES of indomitable determination, great powers of endurance and an original outlook are pioneering qualities then certainly Dame Adelaide Anderson, although small and fragile in appearance, was a pioneer. Indeed, as I look back over the many years I worked with her I am inclined to the opinion that it is in the role of a pioneer rather than that of a Civil Servant that she will be remembered.

That she had indomitable determination I had good reason to know. On my return from a world tour I was asked to speak at a meeting convened by the State Children's Association. Miss Anderson, as she was then, attended. The next day I had a letter from her asking me to come and see her, when she explained that a temporary appointment as one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Factories was about to be made and suggesting that I should apply for it. I was not very keen to do so as I had mapped out for myself work on different lines; still, I decided that it would do no harm to let my name go forward. Miss Anderson did, I think, remark in passing that there would be a second candidate. A few days later I was sent for to the Home Office and interviewed by the then Chief Inspector, Sir Arthur Whitelegge, and the Private Secretary to the Secretary of State, and shortly after I was informed that very wisely the other candidate who was far better qualified than I was had been chosen, so I breathed freely again. Before a week had elapsed, however, I received another letter from Miss Anderson asking me if I was still free because, if so, the Home Office would be glad if I would take up the appointment. This I did and the appointment became a permanent one in a few months' time. I never knew exactly what had happened and I did not enquire. It was rumoured that the former candidate had been so overworked on her arrival that after three days spent chiefly in hot cotton mills she sent in her resignation. Anyhow, when I took up my duties I was subjected to mild treatment and was gently led until I had become somewhat acclimatized to the work,

which was certainly strenuous. I was given at first a desk in Miss Anderson's room at the office so that she could watch over me. I must admit some of my colleagues considered I was worthy of sympathy when they heard this as she was regarded as very serious-minded and a little aloof. But I had no regrets. I realized there was much to learn in the work and that she was an excellent teacher.

Now the drafting of official letters I found very difficult, but Miss Anderson was a past-master in it and never minded being disturbed by a badly expressed draft being put before her for amendment. I remember once, however, we had a disagreement. After conducting a prosecution in Court I received a written offer of marriage from a man unknown to me who had been present. I was on the point of putting it into the wastepaper basket unanswered when I thought I would show it to Miss Anderson in case there might be some repercussions. It might, for example, be said I had conducted my case in too mild a manner. When she heard I was not proposing to answer it her disapproval descended on me. Of course I must reply. She realized marriage should be refused but I must reply in suitable and appreciative terms and she would be glad to see the draft. I have always maintained that every woman could marry if she desired to do so and this experience confirmed my view.

But it was not only in drafting letters that she excelled, she taught her staff the technique of inspection which should be impersonal and free of emotion and also the need for absolute discretion and accuracy, fairness between employer and worker and the wisdom of the Official Secrets Act.

Adelaide Mary Anderson belonged to a family well known for their pioneering qualities. They were shipowners with a world-wide reputation, great travellers with far-seeing views. She herself was born in Australia in 1864, her father being one of the pioneer Scots who had emigrated to Australia in the 'fifties. She was the eldest of a large family which returned to England while she was still a child. At first she was educated by a governess at home and then at a school in Dresden. Afterwards she became a student of Queen's College, Harley Street. Her outstanding ability was soon realized and at the age of twenty she went up to Girton College, Cambridge, where she took the Moral Science Tripos in 1887 and the Gamble Gold Medal, Girton College.

On coming down from Cambridge she coached girls for examinations and then on the suggestion of Isabel Ford, a well-known social worker in Leeds, she became a lecturer on philosophy and economics to the Women's Co-operative Guild. This work gave her an insight into the conditions of women in industry, a subject in which she became intensely interested, with the result that in 1892 she joined the staff of the Royal Commission on Labour. This appointment, however, lasted for only two years as in 1894 she was appointed by Mr. Asquith as one of the first four women inspectors of factories and three years later Principal Lady Inspector of Factories, the head of the women's branch of the Factory Department. Thus began the first part of her life work which lasted until 1921. During her twenty-seven years in the Factory Department at the Home Office her pioneering qualities showed themselves. Her indomitable determination exhibited itself in many ways in addition to bringing me into the Department. She had certainly great powers of endurance. If she felt there was a wrong which must be righted or anyone was in trouble she would not spare herself. That veteran among women Trades Union Leaders, Julia Varley, relates:

“When my father was caught round a shafting in the Mill and was badly hurt I was going to see Miss Anderson that evening at her hotel, but I sent my young brother to explain why I could not come. Miss Anderson came straight round to see me although it was already midnight.”

This was typical of her attitude to those in need of help. A junior inspector who was on her staff recalls her somewhat disconcerting manner when receiving a report as if she were looking far beyond the matter in hand. On one occasion after such a silent interlude her eyes lightened and she said with enthusiasm: “You and I will visit laundries together to-morrow.” This was an honour much appreciated by the junior, but on the day in question, after a long morning of most energetic inspection of laundries in one of the least salubrious of suburbs, and when the inner man called for refreshment as one o'clock came, Miss Anderson said brightly: “Now we can take the opportunity to pay some mealtime visits.” It was not until nearly three o'clock that she said: “I think a cup of tea somewhere would be pleasant before we

go on to the next place." She certainly expected hard work from her staff, but it was worth it. In 1893 most laundries were insanitary places, with dangerous unfenced machinery. To-day they are some of the most healthy and safe places of employment in this country, and this is largely due to her work and that of her women colleagues who worked under her direction—no little achievement. And this is only a small sample of her work; in many other directions there were similar results.

In addition to indomitable determination and great powers of endurance she had an original outlook, so original that at times it proved difficult for her colleagues to grasp. She fully realized this. "I do not understand you, Miss Anderson," a young member of her staff said in a moment of irritation. "I can quite understand that. I am so complex and you are so simple," was the quiet reply. She enjoyed talking about abstract rather than concrete matters and begged her young colleagues to follow her example, not an altogether easy request to follow.

Her work in connection with dangerous trades, employment of women and young persons, welfare, legal proceedings as well as her annual reports all show her masterly mind, wide knowledge and length of vision, while during the 1914-18 war her genius for seizing new opportunities and her originality of outlook found free play. I remember that some of her staff were inclined to be scornful over the project which she propounded in regard to a Home Help Service to which she gave much thought. The last war has shown that she had indeed foresight, for undoubtedly Home Helps have now come to stay.

She would not brook second-class work either in herself or her staff, so she built up a women's branch which had the reputation for excellent work which stood them in good stead in the great changes which were ahead of them. The book which she published, *Women in the Factory: an Administrative Adventure*, summarizes her work and that of her women colleagues whose contribution she was always generous in acknowledging.

For the women inspectors of factories and the women in industry it was indeed fortunate that they were led in those early days by a pioneer and a whole-hearted feminist, for those were hard and strenuous days and much opposition had to be met from all sides; and if the head of their branch had been lacking in courage, in determination and fighting qualities the result would have been very different, and we should

certainly not have had the comprehensive body of factory legislation and the first-class inspectorate of both men and women which we have to-day.

In 1921 she retired, and at a large public dinner which was given in her honour by her colleagues and friends she was presented with a gift of £1,000 which she decided to spend in travelling, combined with researches and study of industrial conditions in other lands. This was work after her own heart and a new life opened itself before her.

She visited South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Burma, and was then invited to study labour conditions in China. Thus began her great interest in that country. She became a member of the Commission on Child Labour appointed by the Municipal Council of Shanghai in 1923, and published in 1928, under the title of *Humanity and Labour in China*, a documented account of the work of the Commission and its sequel. In 1925 she was appointed a member of the Advisory Committee of the Foreign Office on the Boxer Indemnity Fund and re-visited China with the Willingdon Mission in 1926. Five years later she served on the mission from the International Labour Office to Nanking regarding a factory inspectorate for China, and she was a member of the Universities China Commission in London, 1932-33. It is not surprising that she had a high place in the hearts of the people of China and that she was always welcome at the Chinese Embassy in London. She admired and understood the Chinese and they admired and understood her.

But it was not only China which she whole-heartedly served. In 1930 she set out alone to Egypt to make enquiries into the conditions of child labour in that country, and her report on the subject which has been described as a most moving human document had far-reaching consequences. This journey called in a marked degree for the display of the courage, tenacity and persistence in face of difficulties which never failed her. South Africa claimed her again, and in 1936, a few months before her death, she returned from a visit to that country which she had undertaken at the age of 72.

She was certainly a visionary, full of a desire to explore, and had the mind of a philosopher coupled with a youthful, eager outlook and with an intense power of enjoyment. It is understandable that an article in the *Cape Times* of 1922 called her "an enchanted visitor." She always

wanted those near her to share with enthusiasm her interest of the moment and was not always conscious of the fact that they had no desire to do so. Indeed, as I have already made clear, her strong personality made her at times misunderstood. Children, however, understood her; they appreciated her power of enjoying the simple pleasures of life. Working women, too, greatly appreciated her and her serious, dignified manner, and always remembered all she had done for their welfare.

She was a wide reader, a musician, a lover of the arts, and a skilful needlewoman. She was also very sociable; she loved parties and bringing her friends together and took pains in regard to their entertainment, especially perhaps in the choice of the wine she offered them.

Thus I enshrine in my little Pantheon the memory of one of the early pioneer women to whom the generations who followed owe so much more than they realize and to whom they should always be grateful—a personality who should never be forgotten.

A Single-minded Servant of the State

ISABEL TAYLOR, C.B.E.

IF I WAS REQUIRED to live my life over again and had to choose my career I would decide to be once again an Inspector of Factories, and I believe Isabel Taylor would have done the same. There was something in factory inspecting, hard as the life was, which appealed very strongly to us both. What that was is not easy to describe.

First of all I suppose we realized the great need there was for our services. In the early years of this century the conditions in the factories were very different from what they are to-day. The hours of labour were appallingly long; women and girls could be legally employed for sixty hours a week and in the case of the former overtime could be worked in many trades. Children from twelve years of age were still employed as half-timers. These legal hours were repeatedly exceeded and it was, of course, our duty to see this did not occur. Here was indeed a service worth doing and much of our time in those early days was taken up in visiting at night, on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and unforgettable are the lifeless and tired workers we found on those visits. But it was not only to check long hours that our services were in demand. The investigation of serious accidents disclosed dangerous machinery entirely unfenced whilst certain trades were found by us to be so dangerous that deaths or long spells of illness caused by lead poisoning, silicosis, anthrax, etc., had occurred. Workrooms entirely unheated, insufficiently ventilated, and in a dirty and insanitary condition were by no means uncommon, while low wages were whittled down by heavy fines and deductions.

To help administer the laws which had been enacted to combat such conditions had a special appeal, as did also the opportunity given us to assist in strengthening the law where necessary by detailed inquiries into the conditions which obtained, and the preparation of careful reports for the consideration of those authorized to bring about the needed legal reforms.

Inspectors of Factories have always been empowered to conduct their

own prosecutions in a court of law, and although this was a difficult side of their work it was a very responsible side, and responsibility brings its own feeling of satisfaction.

"There was a dominating impulse towards relieving the hardships and sufferings of working women," Dame Adelaide Anderson says in her book, "that drew all the women who entered the Factory Department into a real unity of endeavour whatever their social or political outlook before entering."

And this was indeed true.

But inspecting of factories had other attractions than rendering a service where it was greatly needed. It took inspectors all over the country so that we became extraordinarily familiar with Bradshaw and its ramifications. We visited factories situated in country areas as well as the large industrial towns and came to know intimately every kind of trade and manufacture and at the same time and above all we learnt to know and often to admire greatly men and women in every walk of life, from the employers of big industrial concerns to the most humble workers, sometimes even employed in an industry in their own home. It was certainly work of a very novel character and very absorbing, with unlimited scope, and work which could only be learnt on the job, and it was undertaken by women still in their youth; our average age at first was twenty-seven years, and this was almost imperative as the nature of the work made great demands. Long hours of standing in a factory followed often by a long walk to the next factory—there were no cars for inspectors in those early days—coupled with a call on one's mental powers which the enforcement of a complicated body of legislation entailed, and again the effort needed at times to meet opposition and obstruction made demands on the physical, mental, and nervous sides of an inspector which probably could best be met by someone with the idealizing powers of youth.

Women inspectors had further difficulties to face, or perhaps it should be said had the interest of taking part in the experiment in connection with the introduction of women into the Civil Service; and here the women in the Factory Department have rendered a great service.

For over sixty years factory inspecting had been in the hands of men. In the 'eighties' and early 'nineties', however, the demand for women inspectors became so insistent that it could no longer be ignored and so in 1893 the first women factory inspectors were appointed. That they met opposition cannot be denied, although they were welcomed by the women workers and also in numerous cases by the men workers. Many employers were prejudiced against them and the men inspectors viewed the appointment of women as colleagues with apprehension. How the women could be fitted in to an all male organization was a difficult proposition. Fortunately they were given from the first by the authorities a liberal starting-point and wide field of activity. It was decided they were not to be mere assistants to the men inspectors but were to be organized more or less on parallel lines, and in the factories where women were employed were to have practically the same powers as their men colleagues. Until 1908 women inspectors had their headquarters in London but inspected all over the British Isles, wherever their services were needed. In 1908 they were de-centralized and were required to take up residence in certain of the large industrial areas while still confining their attention to factories employing women and children and still officered by women, a certain number of senior women having been appointed.

In 1921 still more changes in the organization were made and this time of a more drastic nature. The men's and women's side of the inspectorate were amalgamated and women became eligible for all posts. They were required to visit factories where only men were employed. Men inspectors were required to work under women and vice versa; indeed, what is known in the Civil Service as Aggregation, a form of organization which was novel and very far-reaching, was introduced in place of segregation. Such an organization in the Factory Department was indeed a great experiment and might well have led almost to disaster as far as the women inspectors were concerned. Fortunately many women displayed or acquired the special technical knowledge now necessary when visiting big engineering works or heavy industries and braced themselves up to accept the opposition which they were bound to meet in an all man factory, opposition not from men workers—there was very little of that—but from employers. That this organization proved in time to be an unqualified success and

an example to other government departments can be attributed to the loyal manner in which all the inspectors in the Factory Department put the experiment into operation. Both men and women with their somewhat different standards found they had much to learn from each other which only close co-operation could show. Personally, looking back on this experiment I have no regrets, chiefly for this very reason, difficult as it was at the time to meet the opposition which it engendered.

Now Miss Taylor entered the Factory Department in 1909 so she did not have to adjust herself to the first change of decentralization, but she was required to take her part in the reorganization of 1921, and it was in meeting this change that she exhibited her outstanding qualities, for she could certainly be strong and very courageous.

Isabel Taylor was born at Beckenham in 1883, the third daughter of Captain Taylor of the Royal Mail Steamship Company and of necessity a much travelled man and accustomed to exercise authority. Her mother was of Scotch descent but had lived in Liverpool. Isabel was educated at the Sutton High School and later at Streatham Hill High School and at both these schools she was recognized as a clever pupil, carrying off year by year numerous prizes. On leaving school she became a student at the newly established London School of Economics where she took a B.Sc. degree in Economics with the intention of becoming a librarian. Indeed, for a short time she took up this work at the public library at Halifax. During her whole life she was a great reader and when her work permitted followed this pastime with avidity.

Biography especially appealed to her and she enjoyed talking over the people with whom she had become acquainted in this way. In the course of her work at the School of Economics she had come to know Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb who with their great powers of discernment realized that the student of such marked ability would need sufficient scope and accordingly drew the attention of the Factory Department to her, with the result that in 1909, after an examination, she received a nomination and became one of H.M. Inspectors of Factories. After a short time in London she took up work in Birmingham, to be followed by spells in Manchester and Leeds, and thus came to know well the great industrial centres of the North. In 1912 I was appointed Senior Lady Inspector for the Midlands, and Miss Taylor soon came to work under my direction, and this was repeated when I was transferred

to London in 1918 and needed efficient help as in addition to being in charge of the south-eastern division I acted as deputy to Miss Anderson, the Principal Lady Inspector. Miss Taylor and I had therefore worked closely together for some time and no senior inspector ever had a more reliable and efficient colleague. Indeed I can look back over the thirty-eight years we knew each other without being able to remember one serious disagreement. She had a wonderful way of fitting in with the foibles of her senior colleagues without losing her own strong views and opinions which she did not hesitate to express, and probably her strong sense of humour stood her in good stead. Her remarks had at times a tartness and were unexpected—like a flash.

I suppose over a number of years everyone is bound to strike a bad patch in their work and to have to live through it, and this was Miss Taylor's lot in 1921 when the Department was re-organized and she was given a post which was not worthy of her and carried with it little responsibility. Still, her interest in the work did not flag or her loyalty to the Department, and she carried on for four years patiently awaiting better days.

In 1925 I was appointed a Deputy Chief Inspector of Factories at the Home Office and one of my first concerns was to try and get an alteration in the post held by Miss Taylor. In time I was successful and she was appointed District Inspector for Birmingham, a post which carried with it the Deputy Superintending Inspectorship for the Midland Division. She now had a post of great responsibility. She was fortunate in knowing the Division as she had previously worked there, and she was also fortunate in deputising for an able man and one unprejudiced regarding the work of women inspectors. In 1930, however, she received further promotion and this time was appointed Superintending Inspector for the East Midland Division with residence at Leicester. It is evident that during her twenty-four years in the Factory Department she had learnt to know most of the big industrial centres with their staple trades. It was not surprising therefore that in 1933, when I took up work in the Treasury, she should have been appointed to succeed me as Deputy Chief Inspector, a post she held until her untimely death in 1947. That her appointment coincided with the drafting of the new Factories Bill was especially fortunate, as her vast experience of industrial conditions in many different trades proved of course to be



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ISABEL TAYLOR, C.B.E.

of great service. The officials at the Home Office drew on her experience and knowledge to an unlimited extent and found they could entirely trust her cool judgment, calm wisdom, and unemotional approach to the questions under consideration, and these were many and diverse, covering an immense amount of ground as the Factory Act 1937 shows. She was clever at drafting and with few words was able to convey wise and cogent opinions and arguments. Indeed a high official in the Home Office told me that she would have been as successful in the Administrative Class as she was in the Factory Department, but, alas! women were not allowed to enter that class when Isabel Taylor entered on her career. Her strict accuracy was noteworthy as was also her unruffled manner. A colleague who worked closely with her for a considerable time is of the opinion that she could have walked on the edge of a precipice without falling over. She relates that during all the years she knew her she only once saw her in a panic. A district inspector in the provinces had sent in a report in answer to a Parliamentary question which twenty minutes before question time in the House was found to be totally inaccurate. The Private Secretary to the Home Secretary had already left for the House with the inaccurate report in his official bag when the discovery was made. With three minutes to go before question time contact with him was made and the Secretary of State was saved from giving false information, the consequences of which would have been serious. To Miss Taylor's accurate mind such an occurrence was abhorrent and I think her panic was justified.

But it was not only in connection with the introduction of the Factories Act that her great experience was invaluable. She was a well-known government representative at International Labour Conferences in Geneva, Paris, and Canada, and in this role she was a worthy representative of her country, showing ability, wisdom, and knowledge. "I admired the way she carried out her duties at Geneva," writes an influential representative of British employers, while a woman delegate from another country relates, "I came to know her as a charming, single-minded, straightforward Englishwoman; she was always even-tempered, calm but not lethargic, bright and gay without any false cheerfulness."

It cannot be denied that it is a great help to women holding important positions if they have an attractive appearance and in this Miss Taylor

was fortunate. She had a most pleasing personality, was nice to look at, with vivid colouring and auburn hair, and loved nice clothes over which she took a good deal of pains. Their colouring and cut must be just right. As a young inspector, so one of her colleagues recalls, she looked enchanting, the colours she chose then being often green and violet.

She was the first woman inspector to drive a car and was keen on golf, although she did not have much time or opportunity for this pastime.

Possessing dignity in spite of her small stature she could hold her own, although she was not a woman of many words. Indeed she was reserved and often very silent, and then would come a remark well worth waiting for and probably full of humour. Helped by a strong constitution (she was hardly ever ill) she was able to get through an immense amount of work rapidly, but of which she never made heavy weather. Although her own health was good that did not mean she was less sympathetic to others less fortunate. Illness amongst her friends and staff was always a concern to her and she was indignant if they did not get really efficient medical aid. "When I first saw Miss Taylor," writes one of the inspectors, "I was surprised that this slight feminine figure should be one of H.M. Superintending Inspectors of Factories. I was new to the department in those days and ignorant of the diversities of persons that it could show. But seventeen years later the predominant feeling about her was still admiration for this mixture of charm and grace with administrative efficiency and integrity."

She certainly found it difficult to suffer stupidity gladly; she had the power of grasping intricate details quickly herself and at times became impatient with those who could not do so; but these were merely flashes, she was incapable of showing malice. She was not ambitious and rarely mentioned herself and certainly not to reveal her virtues. Indeed she was quite unegotistical and humble-minded so many of her kindly acts were unapplauded and she was annoyed if anyone mentioned them. "Miss Taylor's ease of manner came of being completely on top of her job," is the opinion of one of her young colleagues, who goes on to say: "One felt that she knew all the facts, the law and the administrative practice, and could therefore speak or act without fuss." It was quite foreign to her to make wide generalizations or emotional

statements, the well-worn phrase that each case must be dealt with on its merits was indeed true of her handling of any question.

For many years and indeed to the time of her death, she was the Senior Deputy Chief Inspector of Factories and in this position was responsible for staff, and here her scrupulous fairness showed itself. Both men and women inspectors testified to this, and linked to her sense of justice and direct sincerity was her discretion. In all my experience of dealing with people I have never met anyone so discreet. One could tell her anything and one knew it would be safe with her, and her unselfishness made her a wonderful listener—a rare person. She must have been told more secrets than anyone else in the department, and it was not only to her women colleagues that she was a confidant and friend as well as a superior officer—all used her in that direction and she knew about quite a number of babies from their prospective fathers before anyone else outside the family circle. At the same time she made no windows into men's souls. She lacked that form of curiosity.

On selection boards—and she sat on many—she had a special aptitude in assessing the suitability of candidates, and after she was fifty she seemed more in harmony with the young man or woman than with her contemporaries. She had a wonderful way of understanding their outlook and they greatly appreciated her sincerity and that she was incapable of throwing her weight about. She was fond of children and I think hoped that in her retirement she would be able to come more into contact with them. She was always ready to visit a Children's Home with me and indeed used her precious days of leave for that purpose.

"She will long be remembered," so the official notice of her death read, "for the sympathetic manner in which she endeavoured to reconcile the staffing arrangements of the department with the individual desires of inspectors with whom she was ever at pains to maintain personal contact and friendship."

Her character was of such fine quality that although during the fourteen years she was Deputy Chief Inspector she was passed over three times for the Chiefship—men being appointed—she never showed any resentment nor let her loyalty to the Department be affected. That she was not promoted surprised many of her colleagues, both men and

women, and must have astonished her, but she always gave without stint the new Chief Inspectors her help and advice with absence of criticism. The position of women has of course made great progress, but I suppose it will need another war before women will be allowed to serve in the highest posts of all in the Civil Service and the promise of a "Fair Field and no Favour" be entirely fulfilled.

It was no mean task to have served the State devotedly and single-mindedly for thirty-eight years, during which time she had maintained the high traditions of the Civil Service. Indeed it may truly be said of Isabel Taylor, "She dedicated her life to her work."

The Ideal Physician

EMILY ELIZABETH FLEMMING, M.D.

I WAS BROUGHT UP to be a strict adherent of homeopathy, my mother and her parents before her strongly disapproving of the drastic treatment meted out to patients by what was known in those days as allopathy. Indeed my grandfather carried his disapproval so far as to insist on his animals when ill being treated by a homeopathic veterinary surgeon, not always an easy man to find. The Spicer family pinned their faith to the teaching of the German homeopathic doctor, Dr. Hahnemann, and my grandfather was therefore delighted when his fourth daughter married a grandson of this renowned medical man who was himself a busy doctor in Highbury. In those days an immense bust of the founder of this form of treatment often adorned chemists' shops and I remember gazing at it in my childhood days with wonder, attracted to it by the large globular glass vessels filled with blue or red fluid which usually stood on either side of the bust. It is natural therefore that my first memory of a doctor should be of a homeopathic one, and it was in Brighton that I first made his acquaintance. He was a stately old man with a long white flowing beard and he always received me with great courtesy. He belonged to the Irvingite Church or Catholic Apostolic and had risen to be "an Angel" in that religious body. His wife had been abroad and visited a French crèche and introduced the idea to Brighton with the result that this foreign method of caring for children was started in this town. This thrilled me as in those early days the care of children was beginning to interest me.

I have one vivid memory of this early doctor, which was his astonishment to find his little patient reading in bed the poems of Matthew Arnold. He turned to my mother and said: "What an extraordinary book for a child to read." At the time the remark annoyed me, but looking back I am inclined to agree with him! Anyhow I have pleasant memories of this early doctor and his little bottles of aconite, nux vomica, belladonna, and arsenicum which were sometimes given me

in pilule form, or if a stronger method was needed in a liquid form, drop by drop, in a glass full of water. Certainly his medicines did me no harm and probably quite a fair amount of good and gave me a healthy fear of drugs. Since his day I can claim to having dealt with many doctors, both men and women. For thirty-seven years of my life I was a Civil Servant, which resulted in my not being able to be away from work if ill for more than two days without a medical certificate. Unfortunately I was subjected to endless colds, often aggravated by passing from hot spinning-rooms or weaving sheds, pottery kilns, drying-rooms and such-like into the cold outer air or picking up germs in the course of conversations with workers and others in stuffy workrooms, so I often had to call in the services of a doctor. As a rule I felt it was my duty when possible to call in a woman doctor. Those were the early days of medical women and I felt they should be supported. Often of course this was not possible; a small Irish town, for example, could not produce one and I was left to wrestle with my cold in an Irish hotel of doubtful comfort in the care of a dispensary doctor who would persist in sending me in bottles of medicine, whereas all that I really required was a medical certificate and to be left alone. Anyhow my colds have given me the opportunity of studying the methods of both men and women doctors and I have come to the conclusion that as far as knowledge is concerned there is not much to choose between them, but that their approach to their patients is somewhat different.

Generally speaking women doctors are more wedded to professional etiquette and more conscientious. They prefer to take their patients' temperatures themselves, always insist on testing the blood pressure and so on. Men doctors are inclined to take a great deal for granted, show little desire to interfere with their patient's life and as a rule are certainly not fussy. Here, however, I must enter a caveat. I have found that when men are meticulous in whatever walk of life they are inclined to go almost to extremes. It was my luck to have to draw on the services of a very eminent surgeon. Nothing could have surpassed his kindness and care in the arrangements he made for me. The choice of a nursing home, the actual room, the nurses, how I should spend the time immediately before my operation, the sleeping draught I should take the night before (this, however, I refused, my homeopathic

upbringing revolted against it; I assured him I should have a good night and I did) were all scrutinized and instructions laid down. The operation itself, so I was told, was carried out in an atmosphere of seriousness if not of solemnity as it should be, but he had failed in one particular and I had done so also, we had not given instructions about my bedjacket and so I awoke from my anaesthetic to hear my nurse being soundly blown up for putting what was obviously my best bed-jacket over me while I was still unconscious! I knew then I had a surgeon who had my interests really at heart!

It has also been necessary for me to have gas administered many times for extraction of teeth and I have lived through some rough handling in this connection. I have now a dental surgeon who ensures that it is given with meticulous care and I go to sleep with comforting words being murmured in my ear and am awakened to words of exhilaration and hope. What a change in technique!

I have come to the conclusion that most doctors, men and women alike, desire patients who will listen to them and talk to them about interesting matters. This is not surprising when one realizes of what their daily round consists and how much listening they are obliged to undertake. One doctor I remember told me at his first visit that he preferred patients who talked about interesting things! This worried me as at that time it was not easy to get a doctor and I was left wondering if my conversation would be of sufficient interest to hold him to my bedside. I decided that I must anyhow make the effort. As he was a Scot I felt fishing would be sure to interest him, a subject about which I knew nothing, so at his second visit I embarked on this subject and he rose to the occasion. I have a feeling, however, that my ignorance was palpable and although he was very polite I gave up the effort and poured out my troubles instead, which seemed to interest him as much! As a rule I found women doctors like patients to listen to their difficulties, and this again is not surprising, as the life of a doctor, especially a woman doctor, is very exacting. Men doctors want an intelligent listener on books, art, history or whatever happens to interest them. They have their wives at home to listen to their troubles. I am not quarrelling with this trait which I have found in doctors as I expect, if they are by way of being psychologists, they can tell a good deal about their patients by how they react to their conversation on other matters than

medical, and it also gives the patients the opportunity of summing up their doctor.

In my early days I had the impression that a woman doctor would understand me and the official life I was leading better than a man doctor, and perhaps in some ways that is true, but as the years have gone on I have felt that less and less. Both men and women doctors have come to realize what my work meant to me and that it was their duty to get me well as quickly as possible and not take the easy path for them of advising me to take three months' sick leave and go away. They have preferred to keep me under their own care and help me all they can to carry on the life I had chosen. Indeed it is immaterial to me now whether I am attended by a man or a woman doctor provided I find in them certain qualities. What are these qualities? First of all, of course, I want my doctor to be kind with plenty of imagination, understanding and really sympathetic with a sympathy that acts and not only feels. Even if the visit he pays is a short one I want it to be unhurried. Curiously enough it is sometimes difficult for a patient to remember his symptoms. I was in the habit of making a list of them before the visit of the doctor, but I discontinued doing this when my sister told me how much she disliked patients who adopted this practice. I felt other doctors might share her view though why they should I really do not know. A really clever doctor asks few direct questions and yet gets to know his patient through and through. I shall not forget an indignant "I know that" with which a doctor met a remark of mine which I had made hoping to enlighten him. I think a doctor should always treat his patients seriously and with deference, however stupid they may happen to be, and if possible wrap up his orders so as not to arouse a panic in their minds. When it was obvious that a day a week in bed would be beneficial to me, much as I disliked it, I was interested in watching my doctor bringing himself to tell me so. Finally he remarked in an airy way: "I rather like the idea of a day a week in bed." A really understanding doctor lets his patients take risks and makes a study of the best way of issuing his orders. He is undoubtedly a psychologist although he may never have studied psychology and the jargon which goes with some of it. I shall never forget the visit I paid to a well-known nerve specialist who has recently died. It was a short visit when the bombing of London was at its height. Although he had

never seen me before, in the flash of a moment I felt he understood me and he finished the consultation with a remark which showed his real sympathy and acumen and for me could not have been improved. His early death filled me with deep regret.

An ideal physician must be a good listener, full of common sense and absolutely and entirely discreet, for in the course of his work it will be his duty to listen to many confessions. Dealing as he does with life and death he holds perhaps the most sacred of all trusts, and we can indeed count ourselves fortunate in this country in having many doctors who have maintained the high traditions of the medical profession and regarded their work in this light. And amongst them is my ideal physician, Emily Elizabeth Flemming.

Now although as I have explained I have been required to live my life in many places, which has necessitated my calling in many different doctors, for forty years I had at the back of me Mrs. Flemming. She was there with her help and advice whenever I needed it, and even after she retired I knew I could go to her whenever I felt so inclined.

Emily Elizabeth Wood was born in 1863, one of five daughters. Her father was in the legal profession, her mother was a Shetlander. They settled in London and Emily attended the North London Collegiate School when the famous Miss Buss was the Principal there. Although Mr. Wood was not a wealthy man he was determined that his five daughters should be well educated and have their own careers, with the result that two became artists, one of whom at the age of ninety-two is still making a comfortable income by painting. Another became Principal of the Cambridge Training College for Teachers. From the North London Collegiate School Emily Wood went to Girton College where she took a Science Tripos as she was determined to study medicine. On leaving Cambridge, however, it was necessary for her to earn some money towards the expenses of her medical training, so for two years she taught at St. Leonard's the well-known girls' school at St. Andrews. Finally she entered the School of Medicine for Women in London and so obtained her heart's desire. Her time there passed smoothly. She took examination after examination and finally became a Doctor of Medicine attached to the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital. In the course of her training she had occasion to be coached by Mr. Percy Flemming who became later an eminent eye

specialist. He was a man of great charm and entirely unprejudiced about women and indeed welcomed their advent into his profession, a somewhat rare personality in the 'eighties. They became engaged and in 1892 married and settled in London, which they did not leave until early 1939 when they determined to carry out their life-long desire and live in the country, a step they did not regret. Such are the bare outlines of the life history of this early woman doctor.

At the present day when we have become accustomed to the marriage of men and women doctors, due I suppose largely to co-education in medical schools, and when the employment of women after marriage is customary, the life that Emily Flemming laid out for herself does not surprise us, but in the 'nineties it did come as a surprise. Medical women were still somewhat of a novelty and that a man should desire to marry one was stranger still. Even a novel was written about such an astonishing union and widely read and at the time it was said that the story was based on this marriage. Anyhow it evoked a considerable amount of interest which was increased as children began to arrive. Three boys and one girl composed this little family, the eldest of whom can claim to being the first child born of medical parents in this country. Their advent, however, did not appear to ruffle the even tenor of their mother's life. She dealt with the situation when it arose in her habitual quiet and serene manner and finally after some years had the pleasure of seeing two sons hold important positions, the elder as an Under-Secretary at the Ministry of Education and the other as a surgeon at University College Hospital.

I think that it was about 1896 that I became Mrs. Flemming's patient and for the following forty years she never failed me. I was living at that time in a London flat with my mother and sister and was suddenly stricken with what appeared to be an ominous illness. Mrs. Flemming arrived and my spirits rose. She was obviously kind and sympathetic. But she was more than that, she was optimistic. She had another patient (no name of course given) who was suffering in the same way and who was doing well. She quite realized that I had an aversion to strong medicines, indeed she herself knew all about homeopathy and liked simple and homely remedies. All would be well soon. She left me feeling assured and calm and knowing that there was nothing to fear. She never resorted to firing a number of questions at her patients. She

listened intently to whatever one wanted to tell her and seemed really interested and always replied with a little diffidence, a little hesitation. She was never cocksure and yet when necessary quite decisive—a curious combination. I remember when my mother was once in great anxiety and not feeling very well she asked Mrs. Flemming to come and see her. Now if there was any intolerance in my mother it showed itself in her disapproval of the confessional box, she did not mince her words in this connection. I was surprised therefore to hear her remark after Mrs. Flemming had left, "I feel much better, one can confess to Mrs. Flemming." Many of those who taught women medical students in those early days impressed on them that they should not make friends of their patients as by doing so they would detract from the help they could give them. In a general way this was undoubtedly sound advice but not entirely so, exceptions should be made and Mrs. Flemming was wise enough to realize this. In a letter her husband wrote me after her death, the sentence "I know something of your friendship for her and I know how she valued yours" gave me intense pleasure. She could remain my doctor and still be my friend. She realized to the full that to help a person in need must take precedence of medical etiquette, however necessary that may be. Although her husband was a medical man and she was naturally in touch with many medical men, her loyalty to women doctors never wavered. She knew the uphill path they had been required to tread and insisted on using their services herself on the few occasions when she needed medical aid.

During all the years she took the keenest interest in my work and seemed to love to hear about it, and her aim was to help me to carry on. She realized the difficult line I often had to take when fighting the women's cause in the Civil Service. I remember that on one occasion when I was engaged on a two days' conference on matters connected with this question and when, as so often happens, I was the only woman present, being horrified to find early on the second day a rash appear on my chest. I hastened to Mrs. Flemming before the conference opened only to hear I had German measles. I explained that I must attend the conference composed of elderly men, otherwise I was sure decisions would be taken detrimental to the women's position. She readily saw my point, advised me to pull up my collar as high as I could, fasten it with a brooch, say nothing about it and carry on.

I followed her advice, chose my position at the conference table with care so as if possible not to be a source of infection which time showed I was not.

She knew how to improvise, a useful quality for a doctor, and could always meet a situation. I remember a friend came to spend Christmas with me and to our great chagrin hurt her knee so that it appeared she would be unable to go to the play on Boxing Day as arranged. Early that morning we rushed off to Harley Street to consult Mrs. Flemming and to find out if anything could be done. Mrs. Flemming naturally was not provided with splints, etc., but she had corrugated paper and the knee was neatly packed up and the play enjoyed.

Mrs. Flemming was never dogmatic or impatient. She believed that what patients looked for far more than medical skill was something stable about the doctor who ministered to them, someone who had looked at life as a whole and had gained wisdom. She showed "on the one hand intuition and charity to foresee and understand and on the other strength to guide and sustain," and yet she was wonderfully humble. "One wishes sometimes there was another chance to do, oh so differently in one's work, but it is well there is not such a chance," she wrote me in 1938, and that was her conviction. She recognized, as has been so ably described, that "instinctive in human nature is the deep craving of every sick man, woman, or child for something more from their doctor than the mere display of professional skill or employment of modern medical knowledge. They ask of him complete respect for the confidences they may impart and for the secrets of their lives which he may learn—a conviction that his first loyalty is to their welfare and a persuasion that he is treating them as human persons and with the respect due to the human personality in its totality."

Mrs. Flemming realized this and also that her work in some ways had a very close contact with the spiritual outlook on life, not perhaps in strict orthodox beliefs but in care for the individual soul and the way of living. It was hardly surprising therefore that the first hymn to be sung at the beautiful Thanksgiving Service for her life which was held in 1940 should have embodied something of her outlook and creed.

Awake, awake to love and work,
The lark is in the sky;
The fields are wet with diamond dew,
The world's awake to cry
Their blessings on the Lord of life
As He goes meekly by.

Come let thy voice be one with theirs,
Shout with their shout of praise;
See how the giant sun soars up,
Great Lord of years and days:
So let the love of Jesus come
And set thy soul ablaze.

To give and give and give again
What God has given thee,
To spend thyself nor count the cost
To serve right gloriously,
The God who gave all worlds that are
And all that are to be.

An Unconventional Parson

WILLIAM DRURY, M.A., M.C.

MY FATHER was a member of the established Church of England and my mother a member of the Congregational branch of the Free Churches. Authorities on heredity may trace the fact that I have found strict adherence to one or other form of institutional religion difficult, due to this dual pull on my allegiance. I have seen perhaps too clearly the advantages of both forms of Churchmanship. Anyhow, eternal truths have always interested me and in those days of great preachers I have been one of many of the congregations which crowded the churches, queues being prevalent then chiefly in connection with churchgoing. Looking back over my life, however, I am conscious of the fact that it has been the unconventional parson who has held me, because I have discovered in him the qualities I most admire in the exponents of eternal verities. I have found him to be a believer in reality, a searcher after truth refusing to preach anything that he did not sincerely believe himself to be true and at the same time tolerant of other people's opinions.

When living in my little flat in Westminster in my early official life I was indeed fortunate in having Archdeacon Wilberforce at St. John's, Smith Square, that wonderful personality "who for nearly half a century exercised such a potent influence over the hearts and minds of vast numbers of men and women" and who, it is said, succeeded in keeping within the fold of the established Church hundreds of thinking souls who would otherwise have been lost to her, repelled by her narrowness and exclusiveness. His was certainly a vigorous and unconventional ministry. He devoted a great deal of time to temperance work, to advocating the regulation of dangerous trades and to anti-vivisection propaganda. He made a special appeal to all animal lovers by urging his hearers to add to their convictions a sense of responsibility for all living creatures which he preached were the expressions of that Being of beings.

He was a fearless advocate of a larger life for women, and moral

reform could count on his never-failing support. His manner to women was gentle, sympathetic and respectful. Women felt, it is said, safe with him, and that they could pour out their griefs and anxieties into his patient ear certain of genuine sympathy and sensible advice.

The appeal, however, which he was never tired of making to his hearers was the affirmation of the eternal fact of the indwelling divine nature, the immanence of God, and in his sermons he dealt in a courageous manner with many of the deeper problems and needs of human life from the philosophical standpoint. Thus he made a strong appeal to those drawn to the mystical interpretation of Christianity.

Unforgettable are the Wednesday afternoons in Lent when standing, a spare majestic figure clad in a cassock, on the chancel steps at St. John's he delivered to a crowded congregation addresses of marvellous diction and beauty in a most melodious voice, and linked with these addresses were intercessions which in their power and influence are indescribable. "Things seen and things unseen seemed to be all alike to him."

"Peace, peace, she is not dead, she doth not sleep, she hath awakened from the dream of life," he had inscribed on his wife's tomb in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Is it surprising that on his death should be added the words, "He lives, He wakes, 'Tis death is dead not He."

Years later it was my good fortune to live close to Gray's Inn when the preacher in the little Chapel was the present Dean of St. Paul's, and for a number of years I was one of the congregation in that Chapel to listen to that unconventional thinker. It was a wonderful experience—the atmosphere—the music—the thinking congregation—the lessons beautifully read by a bencher high up in his profession, and then Dr. Matthews himself, all combined to leave an unforgettable impression.

I cannot presume to describe his teaching; all I know is that he is a man of great intellect, courage and great humility, and that his written and spoken word either in sermons or on the B.B.C. helped me during the 1939-45 war as little else did, and they must have helped thousands of others.

Now I am living close to another unconventional parson and indeed an old friend. About 1905, when I began my official life in Ireland, I came to know Canon Hannay first of all through his early books on Ireland, such as *Bad Times*, *Hyacinth*, *Benedict Kavanagh*, and indeed every book he wrote at that time, as they helped me to understand

Ireland and the perplexing problems which obtained there, and then by visits to Westport, Co. Mayo, where he ministered for twenty-one years to congregations in four little churches. A Sunday I spent there about forty years ago and the sermon he preached on the Good Shepherd are still in my memory. I followed for many years the sermons he preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, the lectures he gave and the articles he wrote, and indeed I still retain a number of press cuttings of them. Our paths seemed to cross continually, and even in Birmingham when I was living there we met again. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that after he settled in London I should be one of his congregation in a church into which, by his personality and preaching, he has brought an atmosphere which is both satisfying and inspiring.

So I come to William Drury, a truly unconventional parson. Nothing, I think, would have surprised him more than that I should desire to enshrine him in my book of memories, for he was indeed a humble man of God.

He was not easy to know. Indeed I found him at first very difficult to appreciate and somewhat alarming, but as the years went on we came to understand each other better as we both wished to do and I came to realize that in William Drury there was a very rare personality with a sensitive and unusual outlook on life. It was probably due to this very rarity that by some he was always misunderstood.

William Drury was born in 1876 at Burton-on-Trent, where his father was vicar for twenty-five years. His home life was at first influenced to a certain extent by his grandfather, Parson Drury, of Kirk Braddon, Isle of Man, who was a man of great character much loved and revered. His memory is alive there to-day and his name a household word.

William's immediate forbears were of strong character on both sides. His mother, a woman of great charm and intelligence, was a Lorimer of the family to which Sir Robert Lorimer, the architect of the Edinburgh Memorial, belonged, as well as other gifted artists, while his father, a brother of Bishop Drury, was a man of tremendous physique and personality. As their financial position was always somewhat strained William was sent to Christ's Hospital School and later to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he had the habit of



Navana Vandylke

REV. WILLIAM DRURY, M.A., M.C.

dropping routine lectures and attending those of Hughes, Acton, and Raleigh.

For a little while he was a curate in Birmingham, but as at that time he was wanting to be a missionary his mother suggested that service during the Boer War would not only be a useful experience of men but also would show him something of native people. So he volunteered, became a chaplain in the army, and went to South Africa towards the end of the war. He found the army so much to his taste that he decided to remain in it and soon found himself stationed at Woolwich. Now in those days the army and the Town had little to do with each other, and even in ecclesiastical circles the army chaplains and the local clergy also kept in separate compartments. Fortunately for William Drury the Rector of Woolwich, who was also Rural Dean and later Archdeacon, was Archdean Escreet—a saint and a man with wide human sympathies. He was a Liberal, a Radical, and interested in the great social problems of the day, chairman of the Charity Organisation Society, a member of the Christian Social Union, chairman of the Board of Guardians and an expert on Poor Law, housing, and on education. Archdeacon Escreet, of course, knew everyone, but even so the army chaplains were never to be seen in any of the local religious meetings except William Drury. He put down his presence to curiosity; he said he wanted to find out what civilian life was really like. Anyhow he did two things which no army chaplain had done before him, he attached himself to the Charity Organisation Society, made friends with the secretary and studied their theory and methods of work, and he joined a study circle of the Christian Social Union and attended regularly their debates. One of the objects of this Union was "to study in common how to present Christ in practical life as Living Master and King, the Enemy of wrong and selfishness, the Friend of righteousness and love."

William was at that time a very keen Conservative in politics, indeed I am told so prejudiced that he resisted so far as he could the charm of the rector and blinded himself to the simple goodness and spirituality of that great man. Gradually, however, he came to admire his conduct of meetings, his wide knowledge and wise judgment, and he listened and learnt, although, he owned, with a feeling of doubt. At the meetings of the Christian Social Union he met men and women previously

unknown to him—socialists, trade unionists, Arsenal workmen and elementary school teachers—but everybody liked him, laughed at him, contradicted him, but William was never rattled and joined in the laughter. The men and women themselves all tending towards socialism and all keen Christians recognized that he was one with them there and that it was worth arguing with him not only because of his “book learning” but also because of his essential goodness. “I like Mr. Drury; he talks rubbish but he is so nice and serious over it. If all army chaplains were like him we could do with more of them here,” an elementary school teacher was heard to say after a gay meeting. The knowledge he gained at Woolwich undoubtedly stood him in good stead in his dealings later with human nature. From Woolwich he went to Singapore, Aldershot and Plymouth, and from there in 1914 to France. There he became a man of considerable reputation, first as assistant to the principal chaplain and later to the Deputy Chaplain General. The secret of his success in France was, it is said, due to the fact that he never disappointed people and honestly said “yes” or “no” as he felt right. His sensitive nature must have suffered much during that war period and he was never inclined to talk about it. A friend who saw active service with him during two wars and was his companion in travel and in adventures in Africa tells me that his tolerance and his whimsical humour brought him friends, and that during the South African campaign he formed close friendships with the inhabitants of that devastated land which lasted for the rest of his life. Unfortunately his health became badly affected in France and consequently in 1918 he was appointed chaplain at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and it was then that I came to know him as he married in that year Irene Whitworth, a friend and colleague of mine at the Home Office. Their house at the Royal Hospital was delightful, with spacious and well proportioned rooms and seemed to suit exactly this newly-wedded couple with their appreciation of beauty and taste for everything lovely, for he was a man of taste, simple things in design, shape, surface and colour appealing to him. Here their two little girls were born, Elizabeth and Janet, with four years between them. When Janet was born Elizabeth was old enough to appreciate something of beauty and was found one day hanging over Janty’s cot singing gently to herself “All things bright and beautiful.” Fortunately for me I was living in London at that time

and spent many evenings at the Royal Hospital where I enjoyed being read aloud to by William. He had a most melodious voice and chose beautiful passages from books of varying kinds. I can still see him rushing into my office on March 8, 1923, to tell me of Janet's arrival and that she was "a really good one" with his nose! At the Royal Hospital his work was, of course, chiefly among the old pensioners and they adored him. He had a wonderfully sympathetic approach to them, as indeed he had to all the aged, suffering and perhaps especially to the dying. Men and women alike facing old age or nearing the end wanted his support and comfort. A friend recalls a time when a bereavement had brought him a grief that seemed unendurable and how William took him to a hill overlooking the sea, sat beside him and with quiet words taught him acceptance of the inevitable and gave him strength to bear his life again.

It was at the Memorial Service to Archdeacon Escreet that I first realized this side of him. We left the church together and waited for a few minutes outside, and I then came to know something of his sensitiveness and his humanity which was all embracing. "He was most wonderfully kind to me in a way that no one else could have been or perhaps would have thought of being," writes a woman who had lost a friend. "When he came to see me, although I knew and he also told me how little outward forms and ceremonies mattered to him, yet he so kindly and beautifully did everything I suggested. I thought the funeral service was almost like a miracle. I shall never forget it nor his cheery words afterwards. I shall always be thankful for the little I knew of him, even that little was stimulating, arresting and helpful."

A man of intellect and experience who, alas! for many years has had to sojourn in a mental hospital, on hearing I was writing this little pen portrait, said: "Be sure you mention what a dear he always was to me." This man had been apprehensive at getting to know William, but instead of having to discuss sermons he found a man who had travelled, a man interested in social reform, full of unusual projects for bettering the world, a man ready and anxious to learn from everyone he met and never apparently trying to teach. I had occasion to see him several times in the company of one of his congregation, a very unattractive and elderly woman, and I shall never forget it. He treated her so gently and with such deference and with the sort of soft brightness of his own

which has been described by a neighbouring vicar "like shine on velvet—not hard glitter like the gleam of a diamond—but soft and kindly." Velvet seemed to suit him and I remember I felt constrained to give him once a brown velvet coat, and the fun we had at the tailor's making certain that the fit was just right and the sleeves not too long. I am told that coat was a constant friend.

His time at the Royal Hospital ended after five years and, greatly missed by the old pensioners, he left in 1923 and went to Shorncliffe, living at Hythe. This was his last chaplaincy, after that he took duty on Sundays in various parts of South England and then finally settled down in 1927 as Rector of Binsted, a remote Sussex hamlet of which nothing is visible to the wayfarer except the tiny church and a pleasant rectory lying close between the South Downs and the sea, and here he lived until his death in 1943. Personally I felt such a small parish (ninety-nine people) was not worthy of him and tried to interest the Church dignitaries in him with a view to a living with a wider scope being offered to him; but perhaps I was wrong, he was too unconventional and unusual to appeal to everyone; anyhow he remained in Binsted for sixteen years.

Sometimes, however, London allured him and back he came for a visit. Two of such occasions come to my memory. One day he rang me up and asked me to go out with him that evening. I accepted, not knowing where I was to be taken. To my amusement but with some apprehension I found myself in a little upper room in Holborn at what appeared to be a kind of communist meeting. Our Home Secretary in those days held very strong views on the ideology of communism and, I understood, was having communist meetings watched, so I could not help picturing his disgust and my fate if I had been found at one of these meetings. The second occasion was of a very different nature. When I retired from the Civil Service in 1937 I was given a reception at Lancaster House which the Duke and Duchess of Kent honoured with their presence, and so did William Drury. Dressed in an evening suit thirty-five years old, with a row of medals specially polished for the occasion, he stood in the long line of guests, an arresting figure and apparently enjoying himself to the full; indeed the Duke marked him out and stopped and had a few words with him. On returning to Binsted he said he had found the evening refreshing and exhilarating.

At that reception he made the acquaintance of a friend of mine who became an admirer and she has sent me the three following impressions:

Impression 1 at the Reception.—He was dressed in conventional best—looking very tall and impressive with his row of medals. We somehow discovered straight away that each of us had a pet idea which seemed to each of us an important and shining light in trying to get the world straighter. His idea and mine did not seem to have much connection, but we were delighted at each other's enthusiasm and as each had written a pamphlet we agreed to exchange these by post. My feeling about this meeting was a very pleasant one of youth, though we were not young, rather like children showing off pet toys. He seemed to me easy and spontaneous and very responsive and to make oneself able to be the same.

Impression 2.—On a summer Sunday in Sussex a casual and comfortable host with his wife and one daughter making me talk again about my pet idea which I couldn't quite make clear to him and he chaffed me a bit about it. Then we went to church (afternoon) with its tiny congregation, music on a harmonium and himself leading the singing by giving the air on his flute. It was a curiously intimate and family feeling. He preached with as much care and feeling of conviction as he might have given to a large and thoughtful audience, but the only phrase I actually remember was the statement uttered with great emphasis and conviction, "If only people would really believe in forgiveness what a tremendous amount of human energy would be set free." This went home to me in a way I've never forgotten and I've often used it in later years and tried to explain to people my own pet idea, which includes the conviction about the hampering to growth that comes from feeling guilty, and I could explain myself better to him afterwards because he had said it.

Impression 3.—The third very brief impression was of a somewhat weary person a little bit bored covered in a bee net and not prepared to be either spontaneous or responsive or enthusiastic about anything. I was half glad to have seen this side, it gave a rounder picture of his wholeness.

His early experience in Woolwich had shown him the great need for

social reforms and these were always in his mind. He puzzled over and wrote pamphlets on the land question, town planning, linear towns, transport and unemployment, and sent them to me to read. I confess I found them difficult to understand, but perhaps this was because his attitude generally to civilization methods will, I think, prove to be ahead of his time. In furniture design he was hard to please, and at one period spent a lot of time in trying to find the right kind of chair, a question which interested me also due to my experience in factories, where seating facilities had not received the attention they should have done.

He was very musical in the true sense, enjoyed country dancing and was interested in and knew much about art and pictures. He loved holidays, especially in beautiful scenery, "but always behind the mountains I see Binsted."

As I have already said I was probably wrong about Binsted. His love of birds and animals made Binsted a real home for him. There he realized his life's ambition which he once said had been to live where wild creatures would come and make homes right before his eyes. Of birds he had a great knowledge, and when in Singapore he lived mostly with the keeper of forests and went much into the jungle. A true lover of nature, it is fitting that a portion of woodland was bought in memory of him at Binsted called Wincher's Copse which is to be kept as a nature resort and trees planted which will attract butterflies. A close friend says that William Drury was a true naturalist in the great sense expressed by the words of the poet, "In contemplation of creative things; By steps we may ascend to God," and recalls how once when they were gazing at a magnificent butterfly newly emerged in all its glory at rest upon a flower he murmured to him that "the Kingdom of Heaven is with us." To him in this large view all the affairs of men, their struggles, their sins formed a part of the process of nature guided and governed by not only a beneficent but a divine power.

He wanted people to have a place where they could rest in the open and ponder, and in one of his sermons which he preached outside his parish he dwelt on this so seriously that seats for old people were afterwards erected. At Binsted also he began bee-keeping which proved a source of great interest to him.

Like many people he must have had often to wrestle with truth and

to have had many struggles to balance his ideas, but certain eternal truths he never doubted nor that it was for him to preach them. A friend tells me that one day he was talking to her about vocation and how difficult it sometimes was to be sure one was in the right place, and William ended with something like this: "Well, I've often thought I was no good as a parson and ought to chuck it, but the only thing that keeps me from doing so is the certainty that I'd have to go back to it again next day, which is I suppose a certainty that it is my vocation."

His great message for to-day was his reminder that Jesus came preaching forgiveness of sins. There was nothing sentimental about this; William was rational, he knew the impediment that guilt is whether carried for oneself or because of others, just as Christ knew it, and he preached the redeeming power of love and the uselessness of retribution.

A seat erected in the parish in memory of him carries the inscription "He preached forgiveness," and this was William Drury's most valuable message to this thinking world of ours. The memory of his best gift, his warm-hearted and universal humanity, will always be held dear by those who loved him.

William Drury was a rare spirit—there was a fineness and charm about him, a dignity, a humility, and a forbearance. "Think of him at his best and that best was a thing of great beauty."

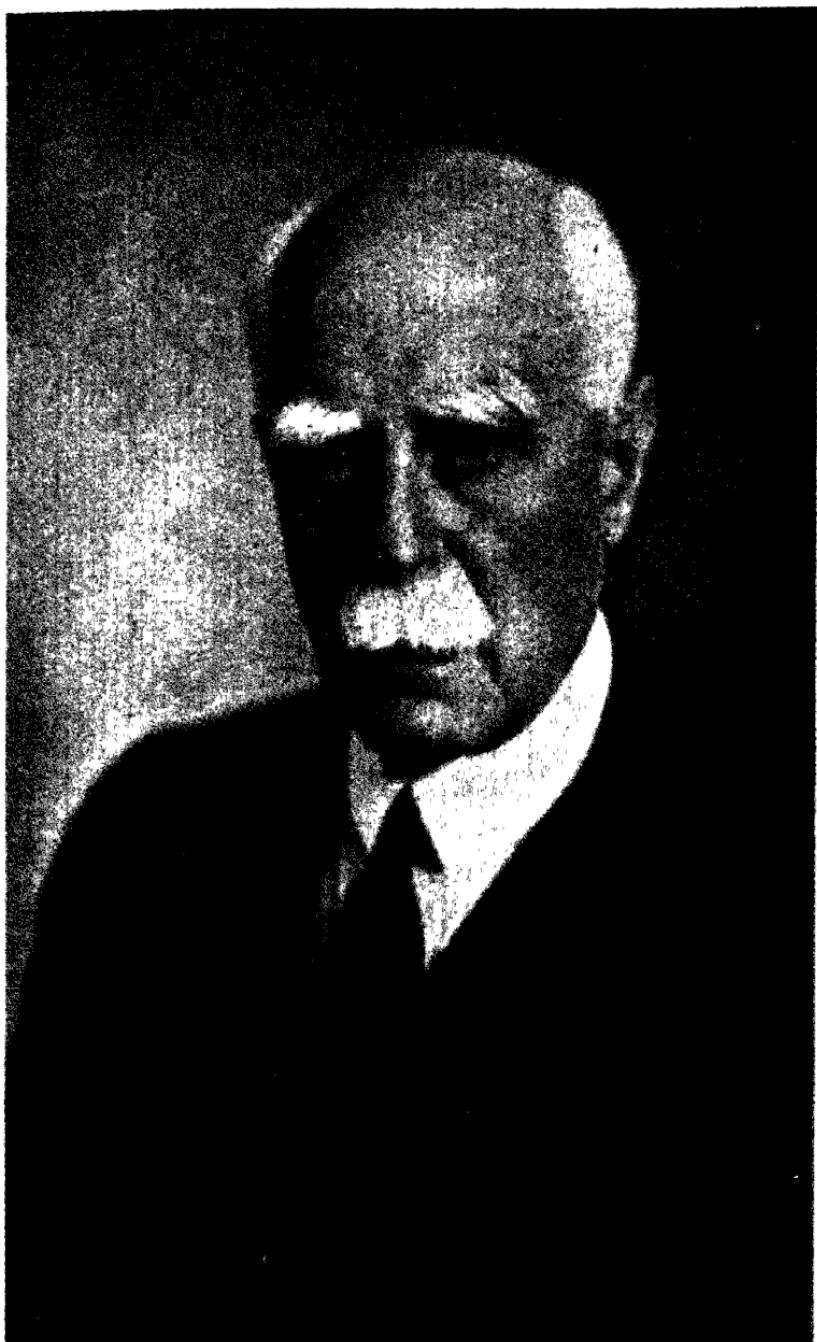
A Steadfast Soldier of God

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

IT IS A MAXIM OFTEN EXPRESSED that it is impossible to make friends as one gets older. I do not hold that view as my experience has shown that it is quite possible to do so. Indeed I have made many new friends both young and old during the last ten years, men and women who have brought into my life much delight and cheer, and amongst them has been Sir Francis Younghusband.

It was in an air-raid shelter from September 7, 1940, onwards that we really came to know each other, although we had set up a friendly relationship before. I was very glad when I heard in 1937 that he and Lady Younghusband were coming to live in a flat near me. I lived in Ashley Gardens on the fourth floor and they took the flat exactly above me. I had for a long time been drawn to him although I had not met him, and when I called I was certainly not disappointed. His own special room was exactly above my sitting-room and I used to like to picture him amongst the lovely curios he had brought from India, entertaining his friends from all over the world but especially from the Far East and writing his beautifully expressed articles and letters to *The Times*. From my windows I used to watch him setting out each morning to walk across the Park to his Club which he reached punctually at ten o'clock, walking rapidly and always with a purpose, and on Sundays walking back slowly from church with Lady Younghusband, rather bent, leaning on his arm, and he upright and solicitous for her.

Periodically we visited each other in our flats and had a talk, and although our paths in life had been so different and he was so eminent and great, I found that I was certain of a time of real enjoyment with a man who did not give me the feeling that he was talking down to me and at once seemed to understand what I was trying to express. I shall always remember meeting him one day outside the Army and Navy Stores with a book in his hand which he gleefully explained was just the present he wanted for his daughter's birthday and finding that it was *Women Servants of the State*, a book I had recently published. It



SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

seemed to give him pleasure to give me pleasure, and it certainly was a delight to me when one day he invited me to spend the afternoon with him and took me to the Royal Geographical Society and showed me a map of his journey from Pekin to India across the Gobi Desert and the hitherto unknown pass in the Himalayas, and also pictures of Tibet, and later entertained me at tea in the Society's tea room.

It is not for me in this little pen portrait to attempt to give an account of his life, that should and indeed must be done by someone really worthy to do so. I knew, of course, that he was a soldier, administrator, diplomatist, explorer, author and mystic, and later I knew he was a friend.

Sir Francis was born in 1863 at Murree, the second son of Major-General John Younghusband, c.s.i. For five generations all the male members of the family had belonged to the fighting services. In spite of this, however, it was a source of grief to him all through his life, so a friend writes, that his profession forced him in the first place to meet violence with violence. At an early age he was sent back to England and was brought up by two old aunts in a village in Somerset while his parents were in India. After attending a preparatory school in Bath he went to Clifton College and Sandhurst and then joined the First Dragoon Guards and went out to India at the early age of nineteen.

On his first long leave, when most men come home, he went to Pekin and with a Chinese guide and coolies crossed the Gobi Desert and then came into India across the Himalayas by a hitherto unexplored route. The little party had no climbing equipment and they lived off the land and the flock of sheep which they drove with them until they were all eaten. This journey Sir Francis describes in his book *The Heart of a Continent*.

Soon after his return he was transferred to the Political Department and was engaged in watching the movements of the Russians on the North-West Frontier and in pacifying the impulsive and warlike peoples in Hunza and Chitral. "I soon realized," he said, "that what those frontier people, like most Asiatics, care most about—what they feel most about—is their religion. Respect their religion—be interested in their religion—and respect your own religion and you will have a true foundation for peace."

During a home leave in 1896 he was asked by *The Times* to go out

to South Africa as Correspondent and was there at the time of the Jameson raid. In 1903-4 he was appointed leader of the Tibetan Mission with a military force attached. During this expedition he had to meet and overcome the objections of his military advisers who thought it was folly to attempt to reach Lhasa, but he pushed on. Then when matters reached a crisis he went alone and unarmed to meet the Tibetans, knowing that there was every possibility of their murdering him out of hand. "His conviction, his sincerity, his tact and above all his bravery, won all their hearts," and he established an entirely friendly relationship with the Regent and the ruling Lamas (the Dalai Llama having fled) and negotiated a treaty which went beyond the conditions laid down by the Government, and for this he was censured on his return. He was, however, personally supported and congratulated by King Edward VII who saw further than his Ministers.

The last four years of his service were spent as Resident of Kashmir, his retirement taking place in 1909. After that he gave up the rest of his life to writing and lecturing on religious subjects and explorations. For some years he was President of the Royal Geographical Society and was largely responsible for initiating the first Everest Expedition.

"During many years," so a friend writes, "Sir Francis had brooded over the mysteries of life and in many writings he set forth his views on fundamental problems of religion, his belief in the goodness of the universe and the interdependence of all its parts; and so as an outcome he organized the first Congress of Faiths which was held in London in 1936."

It was in his last great undertaking that I found a special interest. I suppose my travels in India had made me realize something of the religions of the East and it was impossible not to ponder over them. But even as children my sister and I had asked so many questions about these religions that my mother in desperation begged a wise and knowledgeable old Scotch parson to tell us about them and on several occasions we went to his house for a talk on this somewhat unusual subject, a subject which I am inclined to think required some study on his part before we arrived! I must admit that he made Buddhism so attractive that the effect on my sister was not exactly what my mother had desired! It was not surprising, therefore, that I should welcome meeting Sir Francis who had chosen to devote himself

to fulfilling his religious convictions, the greatest of which was that all religions and all men should seek a common meeting-ground in a World Congress of Faiths. He was himself a mystic and perhaps the mysticism of the East coloured his own faith. "England wants to be religious—England must make herself religious. Only thus can she have the joy which comes from religion and the strength which comes from joy and so face undaunted the daunting task which lies before her. Only through the power and grace of religion can she first win the war and then—still harder—create the happier world to be in which the need for war will never arise," he wrote to *The Times* in February 1940, and then made the appeal to Roman Catholics and Anglicans, Free churchmen, Jews and religious bodies and religiously disposed individuals of every kind, to join in realizing not only their membership one of another but also their fellowship with that one God and Father of all who is both above and in us all, making every one of us by right of birth essentially divine.

Gather us in, thou love that fillest all:
Gather our rival faiths within thy fold.
Rend each man's temple veil and bid it fall,
That we may know that thou hast been of old;
Gather us in.

Gather us in: we worship only thee;
In varied names we stretch a common hand;
In divers forms a common soul we see;
In many ships we seek one spirit land;
Gather us in.

Some seek a Father in the heavens above,
Some ask a human image to adore,
Some crave a spirit vast as life and love;
Within thy mansions may we have all and more;
Gather us in.

is part of the hymn we sang at the service in memory of him at St. Martin's in 1942, and it seemed to exactly express the message he had been inspired to bring to the world of to-day.

Interested as I was in the World Congress of Faiths, it was really Sir Francis who appealed to me and of whom I wanted to know more

and more, and it was fortunate for me that I had the opportunity of doing so in the air-raid shelter, although, as has been said of him, I never met anyone who had achieved so much and said so little about his own achievement.

When it became obvious in 1940 that we who were remaining in London might have to seek protection from air raids, Sir Francis and I met and planned our little shelter in the basement of our flats, making certain that we had two exits, sufficient ventilation, and any comforts we could procure. It will be remembered that in the autumn of that year Hitler's planes came nightly and earlier and earlier, so more and more hours had to be spent in the close quarters in the basement. Lady Younghusband, my housekeeper and myself reclined in comfortable armchairs while Sir Francis sat or moved about at his fancy, and whenever we heard a bomb fall in the neighbourhood on went a curious little helmet and out he went in order to see if he could render any help. Usually he came back with reassuring news, but not always, and then he would busy himself by making cups of tea to be distributed to those outside the shelter who were in need. Westminster Cathedral faces Ashley Gardens and I confess I often used to picture in the watches of the night the lofty tower falling on the top of us, and when the All Clear went it was impossible not to breathe a sigh of relief. Then Sir Francis would get busy again making tea, this time for Lady Younghusband, and while she had a few hours' sleep before moving up to her flat he would after a short nap settle down in some corner and begin to write some of his beautifully worded articles or letters. He liked to write in the quiet of the early hours of the morning, even in a shelter after an air raid.

"Since my last letter," Sir Francis wrote in December 1940, to the members of the World Congress of Faiths, "we have had perhaps the worst bombing since the bombing of London began more than two months ago. Twice every window in our office has been smashed to pieces. But by day the bombings have been easier and we have been able to hold our monthly members' meetings on religion in the home."

Certainly, as his secretary during the Tibetan Mission of 1903 found, Sir Francis persistently displayed a complete disregard for the dangers and tribulations we had to meet—he was quite impervious to them—he never showed any irritation or impatience or allowed his habitual

philosophic good humour to be in the least degree disturbed and he was invincibly cheerful. He remained, in fact, quite imperturbable through it all—like a rock. And besides this quality of strength he was unfailingly charitable. Although a shrewd judge of character and of human failings he was never betrayed into an ill-natured or impatient word. He could, of course, express indignation; he felt, as he expressed it to me, that it was ignoble of the smaller European nations not to come into the war on our side, and he did not hesitate to say so. He was patriotic to the extreme. One day he gathered together all his gold medals and decorations and insisted on taking them to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to have them melted down as we were told the country needed gold. I assured him the country's finances were not in such a parlous condition as to need such a sacrifice on his part, but it was no use, he firmly and quietly went his own way.

To face air raids in London with a man who had spent so much of his life facing danger and difficulty gave me assurance and I counted myself indeed fortunate to be sharing an air raid-shelter with Sir Francis Younghusband. "Well, we are now through the greatest year in the whole of our history," he wrote me on December 30, 1940, after a night when two incendiary bombs had dropped on his flat; "1941 will not be greater but at any rate it will be happier. That is why I sincerely wish you a Happy New Year." He was indeed invincibly cheerful.

Although an air-raid shelter was not conducive to my getting to know all the many sides of Sir Francis's interests and pursuits and although I had never seen him in the country, I did realize that like William Drury he felt that in contemplation of creative things by steps we may ascend to God. His books show his passion for nature: he spent much time in the jungle seeking out the wild creatures of every description, whether beast, bird or insect, watching their movements, studying their habits, and marking their beauty. Forest life appealed to him and he felt thoroughly at home in the jungle with his pets round him.

I had also come to realize his wonderful power of writing (he wrote more than twenty books on many different subjects), his descriptions held me by their vividness and his choice of language was a continual delight. He must have been the envy of many authors.

Although what interested him, as he put it, was "going on ahead and pointing out the way," at meetings and congresses which he had

organized and which were entirely due to his leadership he took a retiring part. He was always quietly in the background with the simplicity and humility which were characteristic of him, and yet always prepared to help with great calmness if an emergency should arise.

This little sketch of a man of such wide interests and knowledge, a man who had touched life in so many different points is, I know, quite inadequate, and yet I want to enshrine him in my little book and to remember him in the beautiful words used by Lord Samuel, that master of prose.

"Sir Francis was a man of the spirit. We know from his books that he was one of those persons—not a few men and women in many lands, throughout the centuries—who have felt an assurance that they themselves have enjoyed direct, illuminating, spiritual experience. That was the inner stimulus of his life; that was the inspiration of all he did.

He was a man of action—a soldier; an explorer of great achievement and wide renown. He was a man of ideas—able to wield the pen as well as the sword. He was a man of character, quite fearless, utterly sincere and devoted, thereby able to exercise a powerful influence on others.

Perceiving that the world was in a state of moral crisis, he saw that the one thing most needed was to touch the hearts and consciences of the hundreds of millions of mankind in all parts of the earth; and that this could best be done through their ancient religious attachments. He did not set out to be a religious reformer. He did not seek to modify old theological dogmas or theories of the universe; that was to be done, if at all, gradually from within. His aim was to bring out clearly the underlying unity in the ethical aims of all the great faiths; to overcome the old spirit of religious controversy and antagonism and to help to develop the new spirit of co-operation and fellowship.

Here was a fine soul touched with the divine spark. In an age when much is evil here was a man dyed to the depth in goodness. May the seed he planted find nourishment—and live—and grow."

An Interpreter of Beauty

ROSALIE LULHAM, B.Sc.

We give thanks for her beauty of spirit, for her wisdom, humanity and courtesy,

We give thanks for her insight into the wonders of nature and for her joy in beauty of thought and form,

We give thanks for the inspiration, courage and support she gave us at all times.

IN A TALK I HAD ONE DAY with a parson on Memorial Services which he was continually being asked to conduct, I told him that I so much preferred a prayer of thanksgiving from the altar (for the fine qualities which had been displayed) rather than an address from the pulpit. In reply he heaved a deep sigh and said that was so much more difficult as it was necessary then to be so truthful.

The writer of the prayer of thanksgiving with which I opened this little sketch was a woman with a sense of reality, as I hope I shall be able to show, for every word is true, as Rosalie Lulham's many friends could testify.

Rosalie Lulham was born in 1872 at Brighton, the daughter of Edwin Walter Lulham, a man of varied interests, a collector of old prints of which he had great knowledge, and in the purchase of which he showed much taste. At the same time he was interested in cricket and games generally, and was a dog lover and pigeon fancier. Unfortunately he had been involved in a serious railway accident which resulted in a permanent injury and which left him handicapped and delicate. Her mother was Sarah Habberton, of Norwich, a woman of artistic temperament and very musical. Rosalie was the second daughter in a large family, there being two sons and six daughters. Family ties meant much to Rosalie and she found it difficult to acquiesce in the fact that members of a family must, as years go on, leave the parental roof. She wanted to keep those dear to her always near her.

At an early age she went to the Brighton High School and it was there I first came to know her, although she was one of the elder girls

to whom we younger ones looked up with awe and deference. Even then she showed the trait which became marked as the years went on, "to give support to others at all times." My sister and I had received an unusual education owing to living abroad and were backward in some subjects and forward in others. German my sister could speak fluently, and unfortunately this came to the ears of the German mistress, a woman who showed the sadistic trait so often found in her race, and said that my sister must not prepare any translation, but must do it at sight. She then jeered at her if she made any mistakes. Rosalie's ire was stirred, she could not bear seeing a new girl bullied in this way and made a point of being a friend to my sister. That was typical of her; if she could give help she would always do so.

I can still see her rushing round the playground, intent on the game she was playing, for whatever she did she did it with all her might, and at the same time looked alert and charming. Even as a young girl she had a beautiful face, the beauty of which deepened as the years went on and trouble came her way.

Her great friend at the Brighton High School decided to go to College and when Rosalie heard this she determined to follow her example, but this was not easy. In a letter Rosalie wrote me after my mother's death, she said: "I recollect very vividly still my first visit to Mrs. Martindale in 1891. I wanted something very much, I wanted to go to College, but there were difficulties. Mrs. Martindale heard of this and with that wide sympathy with youth and youth's strong desires which always characterized her she sent for me, though I was quite unknown to her, and advised me how to set to work to accomplish my heart's desire." Rosalie's wish was granted and she went up to the Royal Holloway College with her friend in 1891. Her abilities were so diverse that if she had chosen to take up Arts rather than Science she would have been equally successful, but her interest in science had been aroused by a course of extension lectures on Light and Colour which she had attended while still at school, so her choice fell on science. Fortunately the lecturer on Zoology was Dr. Florence Buchanan, a woman of intellect and culture, and she proved a great inspiration to Rosalie who threw herself whole-heartedly into the study of that subject. Indeed that was the determining factor in the choice of her life's work.

I think she enjoyed college life, although her health was not very good and she was rather retiring by nature and found living in a crowd somewhat exhausting. She never feared solitude, indeed she enjoyed it. Fortunately for me I went up to college the year before Rosalie came down, so had the advantage of her help and support, which of course, being what she was, she readily gave me.

The study of Zoology so gripped her that when she found she could not, owing to the absence of the necessary equipment, take advanced work, she took her courage in both hands and, to the chagrin of the Principal of Royal Holloway College, left before taking her degree and went to University College, London, where she could complete her course of study.

After a brilliant University career she combined for a time teaching with a research scholarship at University College and became a part-time lecturer at Westfield and King's Colleges. Her research work in her own little room at University College was a great joy to her and for some years she carried on this work when time permitted. She was wanted, however, in all directions as her fame as a teacher began to spread, and amongst her pupils was Princess Margaret of Connaught whose grandmother, Queen Victoria, took an interest in the lessons being given and provided the necessary microscope which it is said had belonged to the Prince Consort.

During these years Rosalie's family had removed to Sydenham so as to be near the Crystal Palace, which was famous in those days for good concerts which were a special joy to Mrs. Lulham and some of her daughters and also to Rosalie who, although she did not play any instrument well, was very appreciative of good music.

The year 1896 saw the beginning of her long association with the Froebel Institute, first of all as a part-time lecturer, giving one hour or so weekly to the teaching of zoology and four years later as a full-time member of the staff, and gradually responsible for all the teaching in botany and zoology and for the establishment and development of a nature study department. The College was then housed at Colet Gardens, West Kensington, under the direction of Madame Michaelis, a strong advocate of Froebel's methods. When Rosalie Lulham took up her work there she found that her classroom was in the basement and equipped with a laboratory bench with one sink, one tap and one

gas burner. This bench was faced by about six rows of benches in tiers, benches with narrow wooden seats and book ledges and backed by a wall blackboard. One of her first students describes that the syllabus for the examination was tremendous and entirely theoretical, and that Miss Lulham worked conscientiously through it. "We her first students must fulfil the requirements of the examiners," writes this student, "but at every lecture and even more in those precious moments before and after lectures she led us into those intimate relations with living nature which she herself so humbly and yet so exultingly possessed." Even in those early years she had the power to release in her students a spontaneous delight in their work and to create a sense of inspiration in the hard study of detailed facts over which her scientific spirit would allow nothing slipshod.

Rosalie Lulham herself recalled in an amusing article she wrote in 1932, entitled "Nature Study—Then and Now," that in 1901 the entire equipment for the study of nature consisted of one glass bell jar which was kept in the basement room and into this jar each week were introduced a fresh inhabitant, first a toad, then newts, and then perhaps a snake. The curiosity about them was great, but such a study of live creatures in the classroom was somewhat of a novelty. Indeed perhaps it was in those Victorian days an over-exciting novelty, especially when it was a question of dangling a spider from one's finger. Soon, however, a small room was allotted to her for use as a "live" museum, and it rapidly became a centre of interest with its shelves of wild flowers and its many aquaria and vivaria. For outdoor work her students could make use of the narrow bed running all round the playground between the fence and the asphalt, and here they managed to grow gay crops of flowers and vegetables and even corn. By means of the household cat and dog and on occasions by standing round the milkman's horse, the study of mammals was begun, while for bird study a visit was paid to the nearby cemetery where a thrush could always be heard, and occasionally a rare chaffinch might be seen. Once a year, a red-letter day, she and her students sallied forth to Keston Ponds by complicated journeys in buses and trains laden with fishing nets and jam jars, and other impedimenta and returned with jars full of tadpoles and little animals of all kinds. Undoubtedly she was happy in those old days at Colet Gardens when the Froebel Educational Institute was a small

struggling affair, and she had "to make do" with a small classroom and meagre equipment. The whole thing was an adventure and she was able to have intimate relationships with her colleagues.

"Now in 1932 what a difference!" Miss Lulham wrote. "Now we have specially designed separate Botany and Zoology rooms, botanical gardens for our plant-growing experiments, and around us the thirty-two acres of the beautiful College grounds (the College settled in Grove House, Roehampton, in 1922), whilst almost at our very door are Richmond Park, Putney Heath and Wimbledon Common. In our own grounds alone sixty-six different kinds of bird have been seen during the ten years we have been there, and our badgers have attained even to newspaper fame—hedgehogs bring up their families close to us, and this year we have been thrilled by several visits from a fox who has not only been seen but has left behind him his footsteps and hairs to delight the hearts of first-year 'trekkers.' We now live in a paradise for nature work and if we still clamour for more it is not now for more opportunities for nature study but for more time 'to stand and stare.' For some day perhaps we shall solve the ever recurrent urgent problem of arranging the time-table so that there is time for that leisurely thought and study without which we can never be entirely satisfied." And this remarkable change was largely due to Rosalie Lulham. This was part of her contribution to the study of nature. She herself put her questions direct to the creatures and plants concerned and she endeavoured to answer students' questions by training them to do likewise. "Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee: or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee." She encouraged the students to search and research day after day, year after year. She always wanted them to have more time for the study of nature, more time "to stand and stare," and putting it again into Biblical language, "more time to stand still and consider the wondrous works of God." And this was to be brought about by other means than work in a classroom or College grounds. She took a little cottage and named it "Zoar." It was situated at Peaslake, a lovely unspoilt village in Surrey, and there during part of the vacation she kept almost open house for her students, and there they stayed with her during a free week they had before the final examination. One student relates how she remembers climbing Holmbury Hill (with thermoses

of lovely hot soup under their arms) and when they reached the summit and saw all the new green of the treetops below, Miss Lulham turned and suddenly said: "How I envy you two, you've so much time to see all this, more springs like this than I have." The remark, so the student said, sunk in and she never wasted a spring after that. But it was not only to "Zoar" that Miss Lulham took her students, year after year she took a party for a week or ten days to places like Hickling Broad, where they spent whole mornings in walking by marshes and reed beds and looking out with field glasses over the shining stretch of water so well populated with birds or rowing across the broad to make fresh discoveries. "It was indeed at these times," a student relates, "when listening, for instance, for the bittern to boom or waiting for the bearded tits to appear at their nesting-place that Miss Lulham showed what a patient observer she was, while the questions she asked the local residents and the inquiring attitude she always showed towards new finds was a stimulus to us all. . . ."

Rosalie Lulham had eyes that saw colour very brightly out in the broad landscape, for instance, and in the detail of birds as they moved, so that bird watching was a special delight and her ears were keenly attuned to what I think should be called "the emotion of natural sounds." A friend writes: "I shall never forget sharing with her the curiously musical chorus at night of frogs croaking in a Surrey pond at mating times, or a meadow full of pee-wits under the full moon of June flying and crying their lovely courting cries, and then the comedy of two cuckoos courting round a clearing in a pinewood where we lay still for a long time as the lady teased her mate by answering, yet hiding and eluding, till at last he uttered such harsh and enraged sounds that she, with the liquid laughing bubble that only the female cuckoo can make, gave in and there was peace."

Organizing expeditions in the country took a great deal of time and thought and really hard work, for they had always to be done perfectly. "She belonged to that rare band of 'perfectionists' who are always unsatisfied with what they do and yet are always creatively achieving," writes an eminent woman herself and then goes on to say: "So many people who aim at perfection get bogged and frustrated, but she always seemed, even though nothing really satisfied her in her own

work, to find peace in the perfection and beauty she found in the world outside herself."

Yes, Rosalie Lulham was always trying to achieve, to underline as it were her message to her students and the ever-increasing band of nature lovers, and so in 1901 she founded the first Society of the College called the Natural History Club, the aims of which were "to increase in its members the knowledge and love of nature and to encourage original investigation." In 1916 the Club was re-named the Guild of St. Francis and its rule was to welcome the Little Things, to keep the day of St. Francis.

Rosalie always said that this re-naming seemed to bring new life to the Society and served to give clearer expression to the spiritual life of the Guild, and the printing of Evelyn Underhill's poem *Immanence* on the membership card expressed in words of beauty and dignity something of what the Guild stood for. That the Guild became the centre of the spiritual and social activities of the College was due to the fact that it was the natural expression of Rosalie Lulham's own scientific, mystic and inspiring mind. She was a mystic by temperament though perhaps not by experience, and she had "the mystic's quality of child-like friendliness and mirth and oneness with creatures and a never-dulled wonder in the fresh delight of the natural world." She was a true follower of St. Francis and, like him, she showed her students also the riches that are to be found in the forgetfulness of self. This was her religion.

Spring meant, as I have already said, much to Rosalie Lulham, so that at that time of the year her thought and work circulated round the Spring Festival and Nature Study Exhibition which she organized. It must be a perfect exhibition and the attention she gave to every detail made the whole living, beautiful, and an inspiration to all, something which would give the visitors from all over the country and indeed all over the world a fresh vision and a deeper understanding of all that is lovely in nature.

In 1913 she published a book, *An Introduction to Zoology through Nature Study*, and this at once placed her in the first rank of authorities on her subject. In the preface to the second edition, which was published in 1923, Professor J. Arthur Thomson said: "I have used the first edition for many years and always with pleasure and satisfaction, for the

qualities of accuracy and lucidity are conspicuous and one cannot help enjoying the fresh air through its pages. There is a high standard of thoroughness and precision, but there is also a sympathetic appreciation of the ways of living creatures." In this book she was able to depict how beauty is the flowering of perfect fitness to purpose—though adaptation sometimes resulted in what Professor Arthur Thomson had described as "difficult beauty," an epithet which delighted her.

The writing of the book was begun when Rosalie was paying a long visit to my mother at Horsted Keynes in 1912. My mother realized it was going to be a great book, but I do not think she foresaw that for thirty-four years it would have a steady sale and that thirteen hundred copies would be sold in 1947, thirteen years after Rosalie's death.

At the time of her death she was planning a Diploma in Natural History based on the study of living things for students, teachers and others with some previous scientific training, and her proposal was beginning to receive warm support.

Rosalie Lulham was a great teacher, not because she was particularly interested in educational theory, indeed she fretted under a training school curriculum, but because she had a vision of beauty and wonder which she was always burning to communicate, and it was the union of the scientist and the mystic in her which gave her such power over the minds of very diverse students. As I have already said, she had a beautiful face, with blue penetrating eyes which seemed to see into the far distance with a searching gaze.

We can indeed give thanks for her insight into the wonders of nature and for her joy in beauty of thought and form.

In pondering over Rosalie Lulham's life—she died at the age of sixty-two—one asks oneself, why did she spend all her teaching years at the Froebel Institute? She could of course easily have obtained a post at any of the Universities. The reply is, I think, that she was entirely unambitious, that she was a striker of roots and these held her to Grove House, a place which entirely satisfied her, and that in the Principal there, Miss E. E. Lawrence, she found a woman who shared her love of nature and beauty whose spirit was akin to hers in the realization and appreciation of the mystical side of life. The Guild of St. Francis sprang

from sharing with Miss Lawrence this deep appreciation of the mystic and together they brought into the Froebel Institute the sense and value of service. Miss Lawrence realized that in Miss Lulham she had a very unusual teacher in the wider sense, a teacher who would bring out qualities latent in her students and therefore never hampered her in any way, and a wonderful bond sprang up between them of quick understanding, respect, admiration and co-operation. A wonderfully happy relationship arose when Miss E. Jebb became Principal of the College. Miss Jebb soon realized Rosalie Lulham's knowledge and appreciation of fine literature and when she spent nights at Grove House was wont to visit her in the little spare room and read to her passages of some of her favourite authors, especially George Meredith, Wordsworth and Keats. They soon came to understand and appreciate each other.

Although Rosalie Lulham's very being was permeated by a deep love of nature, although beauty as manifested in nature, art, literature and music made such a strong appeal to her, she was also keenly interested in all kinds of social problems and devoted whatever time she could spare to studying conditions of life and labour, and it was here especially that Rosalie and I had a bond which lasted all her life. Her interest in my work never failed; she was never tired of hearing about it and, knowing her great discretion, I often in my early official days read over to her my reports on conditions in factories before sending them in to my superior officer, as I found she could give me so much help in expressing what I wanted to say. When I set off on my long journeys she would come to see me off to wish me well and often when I entered my sleeping car at night, even on a Sunday evening, I would find her there ready to wave me good-bye. She tried to improve my knowledge of art and literature, many of my pictures were her choice, while she prepared for me in her beautiful handwriting an anthology of prose and poetry. Year by year we spent our holidays together, either in this country or abroad, and although she considered I have a keener sense of humour she undoubtedly had a greater love of fun and laughter and sense of enjoyment.

In 1913 she decided to take a Sabbatical year and after some time spent in rest and holiday-making settled down with me in Birmingham for three months and undertook serious social work. I knew of course her interest in nursery schools and how at times she had helped to take

a party of "under fives" to the seaside for some weeks, and I knew her great interest in Braille and how much she had done for the blind in writing Braille herself and getting her friends and students to do the same, but I had not realized until I saw her at work in Birmingham that in her was a social worker of very great promise.

She attached herself to the Settlement in Summer Lane and began house-to-house visiting, and in a letter she wrote at the time to the College magazine she shows clearly her discernment and sympathetic approach to the problems obtaining in that city.

"Never have I seen children draped in such rags or so dirty as many that meet one in any back street here," she writes, and then goes on to say: "How can their mothers keep them clean and tidy when the house for which they with difficulty pay four or five shillings rent a week is in a little back court with no water supply except one tap in the court used by all the houses round it, where each house is built on to the back of another, so that there is only one small door and no means of getting a current of air through the house (there are 40,000 such houses in Birmingham), and when often the mother as well as the father is out at work in a factory from early morning until seven or eight in the evening." She tells of the outworkers—women and children—she finds working feverishly in these little houses for a mere pittance and of the visits she paid to some factories where little girls and boys were employed directly they left school for four shillings or five shillings a week, and were being legally employed for sixty hours a week.

Infant health centres, babies' clubs, infants' and special schools were all visited by her and she attended School Medical Care Committees and After-Care Committees in order to see what was being done to help children to get a good start in life which is every child's right. Indeed, as I have already pointed out, Rosalie Lulham's gifts were so diverse that she would have been a welcome addition to many professions and callings.

She loved helping people in need and was always ready to give her support and nothing was too much trouble. She had humility although she did not blind herself to the fact that she had been given rare gifts of which she must make use. But these were not due in her opinion to herself, she held with the verse:



ROSALIE LULHAM, B.Sc.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

We can indeed give thanks for her wisdom, humanity and courtesy. She had such a keen sense of enjoyment and was so interested in other people's doings and such a good listener that she was a delightful companion with whom "to do things," and I was keenly looking forward to her retirement when she would have had time to carry out all that we had planned to do together. But it was not to be, she died after a short illness in 1934. So she passed away from us—my closest friend for forty years—and with her went a woman with unusual intellectual and imaginative powers to which were added a beauty of spirit, quick understanding, graciousness of personality and a burning desire to help her fellow men. These are the qualities which make her memory fragrant to all those whose privilege it was to know and love her.

She has indeed left a heritage of joy—of service and of high endeavour.

A Servant of the Old School.

JEMIMA NORTON

"Domestic service is the oldest, the largest and the most unorganized form of women's employment. Service between master and man and mistress and maid is an age-long relationship stretching far back into history. It is associated in some minds with the slave tradition of which an echo lingers in the opprobrious term 'slavey.' When England in a remote past emerged from serfdom indoor personal servants were the last group to shake off the control of the ordered feudal hierarchy. It is not far fetched to hazard that this distant heredity still counts for something in the modern situation and is a subconscious element in the dislike with which the twentieth-century girls view domestic work."¹

SUCH IS THE INTRODUCTION to a recently published Government report and it certainly contains words of wisdom. In the course of the nineteenth century women found their way into the mills and factories, they became shop assistants, nurses, telegraphists and in many cases they trod a painful path. But reformers arose—Shaftesbury, Robert Owen, Oastler, Florence Nightingale and such-like. Public opinion was stirred, legislation was passed and conditions gradually improved, but not so in domestic service. No reformers arose to regulate the conditions of domestic service or even to protest against the hardships so often inflicted on those employed in unsatisfactory households, and there were hardships—no one can deny it.

We of the older generation if we cast our minds back remember the cold attics and dark basements in which servants' lives were often passed. The lofty houses with steep stone stairs up which scuttles of coal and cans of hot and cold bath water had to be carried, often by the youngest recruit. The multiplicity of grates which had to be blackleaded, the long passages which had to be scrubbed on the house-maid's knees come back to our memory, as well as the poor pay and absence of regular time off at fixed hours and the objection to visitors in the kitchen. We recall work which entailed being on call from morning to evening dressed before lunch in the obligatory print dress

¹ Report on Post-War Organization of Private Domestic Service, by Violet Markham, C.H., I.L.D., D.LITT., J.P., and Florence Hancock, O.B.E. Cmd. 6650.

and cap and in the afternoon in the black dress and apron. Even on Sundays there was the black bonnet which had to be worn in church so that no one might forget that the wearer was in domestic service. Residence in some houses had also its peculiar risks and it was held that a high illegitimate birthrate was due to this source. True a maid could give notice, but alternative employment on a large scale was not available, and besides she had to depend for other employment on what her former mistress said about her and to be labelled with a bad character was something to be avoided at all costs. Yet in spite of these unattractive conditions domestic service continued to absorb the largest number of women gainfully employed up to the threshold of the 1939-45 war. Why this was it is somewhat difficult to say. Probably it was partly due to the bad housing conditions so that as the family increased the elder ones had to find residential work elsewhere. Again in many country districts there was no alternative employment so that girls when old enough were obliged to seek work in large houses in the neighbourhood. Also in spite of the unattractive conditions which offered themselves there were many cases which were evident in which a wonderful bond of affection and loyalty had sprung up between the maid and her mistress. Living together year after year and facing experiences good and bad which come to everyone, had in many cases forged a relationship which could not be easily broken and proved attractive to others. Finally, many women had come to realize that the work of home-making demands real intelligence and skill and is therefore far more satisfying than feeding a machine in a factory or tapping a typewriter.

The pros and cons of domestic service had always interested my mother. Brought up in a household where servants were numerous and where in many cases this bond of affection and loyalty has been forged to a close degree, it is interesting to find that she was uneasy about it.

I can remember in my childhood days being enthralled by the long line of servants each carrying a Bible, headed by Mrs. Jones the cook, with Wallace the butler bringing up the rear, who filed into the dining-room for family prayers at my grandfather's house. They were far more absorbing to me than that on which my attention should have been riveted. My mother, however, was a reformer and knew some-

thing was wrong with this form of employment, and so from my earliest days I remember hearing the matter discussed and experiments tried. She was not always successful, but that did not deter her. She felt strongly that maids should be helped to develop and gain fresh experience, so after eight or nine years my nurse was encouraged to go to Canada and her sister, who was our cook, and a very good one too, was helped to go as a missionary to China, steps which they never regretted.

My mother was also one of the first to see the advantages of non-residential service, so in the 'nineties when we were living in a London flat, we were served by two women, one who came from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m. and the other from 2 to 10. When living in Germany she had seen the practice of sending in daily to households well-cooked food in steam-jacketed containers. This system appealed to her so she brought the containers from Germany and searched London to find a firm willing to send in our dinners each night—this was not easy, but she was finally successful, though I must own they sometimes failed us and we were left dinnerless.

In connection with the women's organizations of which she was a member she gave lectures on the problems of domestic service and how they could be met, but she certainly never contemplated that the time would come when the best way of washing up and the speediest manner of turning out a room would be one of the principal topics of conversation at men's clubs which, I understand, is the case to-day. She had died before we began to realize that it needed a war to bring about reforms. It is clear I was brought up in an atmosphere of doubt on the question of the employment of women in domestic service.

Now housekeeping as such does not particularly interest me, in fact my present housekeeper says that it is one of my chief disadvantages, not that I did not do a good deal of it in my earlier life, indeed my mother used to tell me that at the age of five I excelled in bed-making, and when my housekeeper recently broke both her wrists I could see she was surprised at the way I could cope with her duties. Still, looking back over my life I am conscious of the fact that domestic work is not in my line and accordingly I am grateful to providence for allowing me to have been well served in that direction. Indeed I believe I am one of the very few in this country who did not have to wash up even

a cup and saucer during the 1939-45 war. During the London blitz I had luck, and the chief complaint of my elderly housekeeper who was then attending to my wants was that when the bombs were falling all about us she found it disturbed her from reading the *Daisy Chain*, a book in which she was revelling.

For nearly twenty years I was served by Jemima Norton, and when I think back on my life and the work I was engaged on during those years I am more grateful to her than words can express. Norton, as she liked to be called, was born in 1854 in Barking, Essex. Her father was a fisherman, a calling which apparently could be carried on then in that neighbourhood. Soon, however, to use the expression of those days, the fishing went to Yarmouth and the Norton family followed it. Mr. Norton must have been a man of some substance. He owned two fishing smacks, one of which was known as the *Ranger*, and week by week packages, sometimes as many as eleven, were delivered at Billingsgate from the *Ranger*. The packages contained Trunks of Plaice, Doubles of Soles, Peds of Haddock, Peds of Rooker, Turbots, etc. In 1863, however, the coasts of this island were swept by a devastating gale and the loss of life was so great that a Lord Mayor's Fund had to be opened to help the survivors. Amongst those to be drowned was Mr. Norton, leaving a wife with four young children—Norton aged nine years being the eldest. In order to make a living and to help in compensating the families of the apprentices lost in the *Ranger* Mrs. Norton opened a shop in Yarmouth. Unfortunately, however, in the course of the next few years four other similar shops were opened and the competition became so keen that Mrs. Norton decided she must try other ways of providing for her family and she naturally decided to return south. Meanwhile she had a sister who was employed in the Army Clothing Factory situated in Westminster and she house-hunted for her. Apparently a house or rooms were nearly as difficult to find in those days as at the present time, but finally she saw a little notice in a window in a house in Church Street, Westminster, saying there were some rooms to let. These were taken and Mrs. Norton came to live under the close protection of Westminster Abbey, a part of London which she never left. Undoubtedly she was a woman of striking personality, with great ability and strength of character. She soon settled down, found work for herself in a rubber factory, placed

Norton and her second daughter in service, while the third daughter went to work in the Army Clothing Factory where she received a training which led finally to her employment at the Office of Works as a carpet sewer, and many of the carpets in the Royal Palaces and in use on State occasions have been sewn by her. The son in due course drove a hansom cab which he delighted in, and his grief was great when he had to transfer to a taxi cab.

Norton's first situation at the age of fourteen years was a hard one. I think it was in a high-class lodging-house which in those days catered for people who would now make use of hotels. There she had to fetch and carry, clean and scrub. I do not think she looked back on this situation with any pleasure and I believe she attributed the deafness from which she suffered all her life to neglect during an illness in this situation.

Anyhow in due course she found her way into the kitchen of the Junior Carlton Club and there she learnt first-class cooking, a knowledge of which I reaped the benefit many years later. After about ten years of assisting the chef prepare delectable food her health gave way and it was decided that she must seek other employment than that in a hot kitchen.

Now Norton was an extraordinarily clever young woman. Indeed I soon realized when she came to me years later that the universities would have found in her an apt student if it had been her lot to have had the chance of a good education. She was a great reader and an intelligent listener and talker. Anyhow she now turned from high-class cooking to high-class ladies' tailoring and was employed at Redfern's in Bond Street, a shop much patronized by Royalty and the nobility of those days. Again I reaped the benefit in later years—my clothes were mended and kept in repair as they have never been since.

At the end of another ten years she decided to leave and take in needlework at home or go out for the day to ladies' houses. Amongst her clients was a lady who saw in Norton the elements of a first-class ladies' maid, with the result that she enticed her into her service in that capacity, and during the next year she travelled with her and saw something of the world. In 1902, however, she realized she must return home and care for her mother who was failing in health and to whom she was devoted.



JEMIMA NORTON

It was just at this time that I had settled in a little flat also under the shadow of Westminster Abbey. I was often away, however, inspecting in different parts of the country so decided I would engage if I could get one, a daily maid. Through the good offices of a woman doctor who had a dispensary in the neighbourhood I heard of Norton, who was wanting a part-time job and lived close by, so I engaged her. She used to arrive in time to bring me my early tea at 7 a.m., she attended to my wants and my shopping until about 11 a.m., returning again at 6 p.m. to get me my dinner. On Sunday she gave me as much time as I wanted. There was no question of the number of hours of employment; she made me very comfortable and I paid her ten shillings a week, which she regarded as a princely wage. I begged her to take what food she wanted, but I never found much disappear, for although she was very generous she had a very saving disposition as far as my purse was concerned and was always impressing on me how I could effect economies. Indeed, like my present housekeeper, her great anxiety was to save me expense. This pleasant arrangement lasted until 1908 when I was instructed to take up my residence in Ireland. This entailed giving up my little flat and I feared it would mean losing Norton. Just at this time, however, her mother died and Norton decided to throw in her lot with me and come to Ireland. Needless to say I was profoundly thankful. She quickly settled down in Belfast and thoroughly enjoyed life there. My house was a fair sized one and I had a number of visitors, so wanted to give her some help. The training, however, of young girls did not appeal to her so I engaged a boy to wait on her and all was well. She became a great favourite with all and as she had great conversational powers learnt a good deal about Ireland. The interest taken in the shops and by the tradesmen as to her special form of political and religious faith always amused her and made her realize that she was living in a country where these questions were of burning interest. She had the keenest sense of humour and was always ready to enter into any form of enjoyment. From her earliest days until almost the day of her death no royal procession was allowed to pass without her being in the cheering crowd. She was always ready for any new experience. Undoubtedly she came to love Ireland as much as I did and was sorry when I received instructions to transfer to Birmingham, which I did in 1912. Still, she soon made friends there and became well known in the neighbourhood

where I lived. In her walks she was always escorted by my two dogs to whom she was devoted. She was undoubtedly an ideal servant for a peripatetic mistress.

After six years in the Midlands I had once again to pitch my tent and this time it was in London, a change that pleased us both, and we settled down in a little flat in Mecklenburgh Square, Bloomsbury.

Now during all her life Norton had suffered from acute indigestion. Doctors had been consulted but the trouble had never been diagnosed. This would never have happened at the present day with the highly developed X-ray examinations. Anyhow in 1921 the trouble flared up; a specialist was consulted who advised an operation which was carried out immediately. The result was satisfactory but I was faced with the fact that I could no longer be served by my faithful servant and friend. Fortunately I was able to get her admitted to the Friendly Almshouses and there she lived happily until the age of eighty-three, much loved and respected by all the residents. It had been the custom in these almshouses as the end approached to remove the old ladies to the infirmary. In the case of Norton I took care that this should not take place, and she was well cared for to the end in her own room with her own possessions about her. This, however, made me realize the need for a rest home to be attached to the almshouses where the last days could be spent, so when Hitler destroyed much of the almshouses at Brixton the committee, of which I was then chairman, decided to rebuild with a rest home adjoining.

Such is the life history of one of the most competent and faithful servants of the old school—a servant whose loyalty to her mistress never wavered. She would have had no use for the present nomenclature by which we try and disguise domestic service. It was her duty and indeed her pleasure to serve and I believe she gloried in it.

In thinking over the past it is inevitable not to ponder over the situation to-day in the domestic world. Conditions have certainly changed and in some ways for the better. Labour-saving devices, better planned houses and flats, absence of dust traps, lighter and less furniture have all made for good in domestic service, but we must not lose sight of the fact that it is a skilled craft and requires training. It cannot be denied Norton was well trained and was able to take a pride in her work and that brought satisfaction.

Still, of course, the personal element in this form of employment remains and difficulties in this connection have to be overcome. I believe, however, there is a bond which can be forged between mistress and maid which does not depend merely on high wages. The maid will have to be allowed to live her own life and have her own interests and these must be respected. If at the same time she comes to realize that as a person she is indispensable, that she cannot be done without, a pride in her work arises, for even in these gloomy days home-making is an occupation which appeals to women as perhaps none other does or ever will.

Epilogue

SO I CLOSE my little book of memories, the writing of which has been a joy to me, conscious of the fact that some may say that most of those I have enshrined in it were not great people. True they are not an aristocracy based upon rank and influence but rather, I think, "an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate, and the plucky" and so represent true human tradition.

Others may say that I have shown men and women only at their best. To those I would say—not the worst but the best is the most real thing in life. They were not immaculate and never pretended to be, but what I have tried to present is that side of them which they spent their whole life in developing, for this is the real man and this is what really matters.

